



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

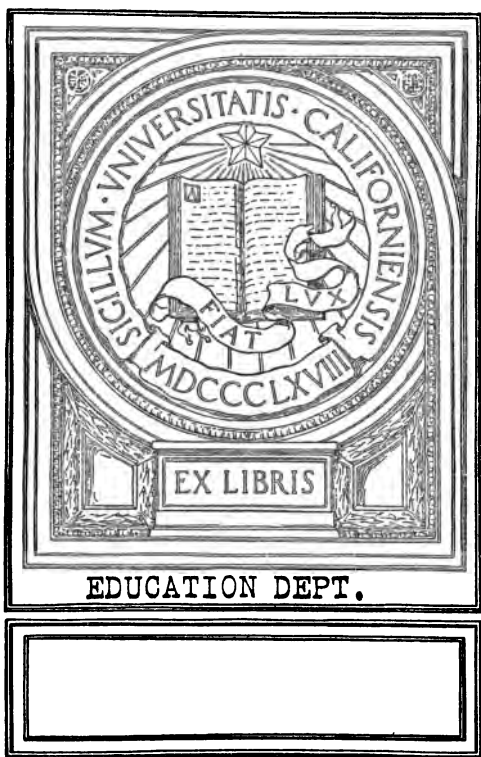
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

— A —
FOURTH READER

— Arnold & Gilbert —



CALIFORNIA STATE SERIES







J. E. MILLAIS.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER. (Page 220.)

CALIFORNIA STATE SERIES

A
FOURTH READER

BY

Charles ARNOLD AND *Gilbert* GILBERT

REVISED BY

THE STATE TEXT-BOOK COMMITTEE

AND APPROVED BY

THE STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION

SACRAMENTO

W. W. SHANNON, SUPERINTENDENT STATE PRINTING

844
C153
near
V.A.
9 Aug
1911

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY
THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY
SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY.

All rights reserved.

EDUCATION DEPT.

In the compilation of this book certain matter from "Stepping Stones to Literature," a Fourth Reader, by Sarah Louise Arnold and Charles B. Gilbert, has been used. All such matter is protected by the copyright entries noted above.

PE 1121

A77

1910

ED-P

PREFACE.

THESE Readers are intended to meet chiefly the need for better literature as reading matter in the schools. All the material used in them is selected from authors of standing, is carefully graded, and appears as nearly as possible in its complete form. The compilers believe that children have been fed too much upon fragmentary selections for the cultivation of good taste. It is advisable that the works of an author be presented to the young mind in the form in which they came from the master's hand, that they may be seen in all their bearings and settings.

While doubtless much good has come from reading the brief selections from standard authors found in the ordinary readers, they have failed of the prime purpose of inculcating a fondness for literature in its completeness and a taste for reading good books. It is not improbable that the too prevalent taste for scrappy reading is partially derived from the character of the reading books upon which children have been fed. Hence as many selections as possible in these Readers are given in full, and it is urged that teachers treat them as complete works of literature and see that they are studied as such.

In the Fourth Reader the child is given his first distinct introduction to mythology. In the earlier books, fables and fairy stories have been used, and there has been a little suggestion of mythology; but in the Fourth, myth and wonder — those subjects which appeal to the child's imagination and carry him out of his limited environment into a larger world — are emphasized. We believe that this is in accord with whatever truth exists in the culture epoch theory of education.

It also makes a suitable and natural introduction to the historical matter which appears later. The connection between this matter and that in the lower books is furnished by two fables, "The Fox and the Cat" and "The Fox and the Horse," and by such humorous poems as "That Calf" and "The Cow and the Ass." These lead, on the one side, to the Nature readings both in verse and prose; on the other side, they lead directly to the myth, and the myth introduces the child easily

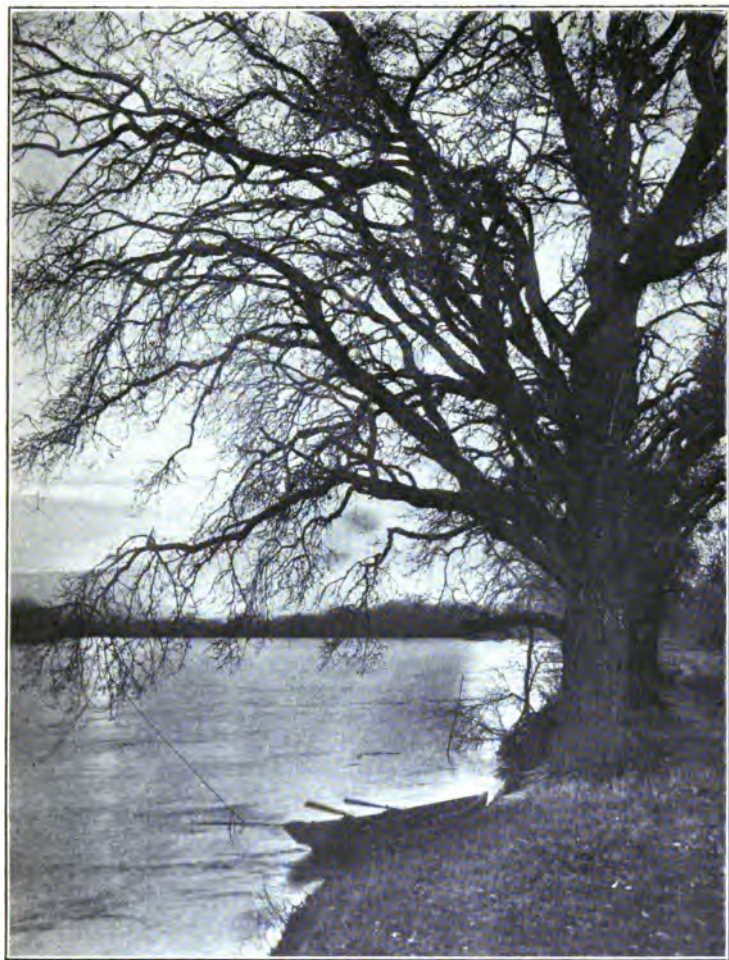
and naturally to history, — the Hiawatha myth, for example, making an excellent introduction to American history, and the Greek myth, to ancient history. The selection from "Aladdin" belongs to that class of purely imaginative literature which all children read and enjoy.

The authors believe that if these Readers are used wisely, according to the plan suggested, they will not only help to make better readers of the children in our schools, but will also aid in a wise correlation of studies, will cultivate taste, stimulate a love of good literature, and, through literature, bring within reach of the children the choicest treasures of the world.

The copyrighted material in this book is used by permission of and by arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Roberts Brothers, D. Appleton & Co., Little, Brown & Co., Charles Scribner's Sons, The Macmillan Company, and Elizabeth Harrison, — to all of whom both the editor and the publishers express their cordial thanks and appreciation.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct ye to a hillside, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.

—Milton.



ALONG THE BANKS OF THE SACRAMENTO.

*Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.*

— Bryant.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

THE purpose of this series of books is indicated by its name, **STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE**. The aim of the authors was to make the formalities of reading subordinate to its real end, which is the acquisition of thought from the printed page. It is urged, therefore, that you aim not first to teach children how to read, and then incidentally to give them some acquaintance with good literature; but that you seek primarily and chiefly to acquaint your pupils with literature as such, and secondarily to teach them the technique of reading. You will find, if you follow this plan, that not only will the first object be gained, but that the children will learn the art of reading much better than when the chief emphasis is placed upon this art.

In a book composed of good literature, words should be studied only as they occur in the text, and as their study is necessary to an understanding of the text. Such study is doubtless important, but great care should be taken to prevent its interference with the real object of reading, which is acquaintance with literature.

The study of literature should not be confused with the study of the biographies of authors. Acquaintance with the lives and personal traits of authors is often interesting, and frequently throws light upon their writings, yet its value is but secondary at best; children, especially, should give their chief attention to the writings themselves. Let them read freely and abundantly, until they become absorbed in their reading. Do not interrupt them too frequently with criticisms. In no case spoil a reading lesson by introducing the study of technique for its own sake. Remember always that the ends to be secured are a love for good literature and the storing of the mind with noble ideals.

While the selections in this series of Readers are, in so far as possible, literary wholes, in many cases it has been necessary to abbreviate. Sometimes chapters have been taken out of books, the chapters in themselves constituting complete productions. In all cases of abbreviation, it is urged that the attention of the children be called to the books from which the selections are made, and that they be advised to read them entire. Lead the children to the use of the public library through their reading lessons.

The ends above set forth, included in the term "the mastery of books," are of course the real objects of all reading. They are secured by what is known as silent reading, whereas the school reading lesson consists in reading aloud. The object of the latter is twofold: *first*, the making plain to the teacher that children are capable of mastering books; *second*, instruction in the art of oral-reading. While this art is not, as it is often treated, of primary importance, but wholly secondary, it is yet important, and should receive careful attention.

Good oral reading includes both intellectual and physical elements. The first implies clear and sympathetic comprehension of the subject-matter, so that the reader is able to impart it to others as if it were original with himself. The second involves a mastery of the various physical organs used in reading. The common advice, "Read as if you were talking," is correct if the pupil talks correctly, — that is, it covers the first point, "sympathetic knowledge of the subject-matter;" but in this country, where the voices and modes of speech are proverbially bad, it does not cover the second.

First, then, be sure that the children understand what they are reading. Try to secure their interest in it, and then expect them to read it to you as if they were imparting fresh and valuable information. This requires a thorough knowledge of the text and context, and the free use of the dictionary and other reference books. The children should read their school reading lessons as they would read any book on any occasion, because they are interested in what the book contains.

Second, see to it that the children become masters of those portions of the body which are used in reading, so that when they comprehend what they are reading, they can impart it to others in a natural, pleasing, and lucid manner. Practically, the entire body is used in good reading. Specifically, the points to be carefully observed are *carriage* or *position* of the various parts of the body, *proper breathing*, *clear enunciation*, *correct pronunciation*, and *quality of voice*.

1. **Carriage.** The body should be erect, so that a vertical line passes through the ears, the shoulders, the hips, and the heels. This position should not be stiff, but all the muscles should be free, so that the various members can move gracefully and readily as may be required. To secure this freedom, calisthenic exercises are useful.

2. **Breathing.** The breathing should be deep rather than superficial. It is often well, before a reading lesson, to have the class stand in correct position and draw in through their nostrils — not through their mouths — as deep and as full breaths as they are capable of taking. This exercise repeated several times will tend to produce good breathing during the reading lesson. Children should be taught to breathe through the nostrils, and to use the diaphragm and the muscles of the

abdomen in breathing even more than those of the chest. They should be taught to take in new breaths before the supply of air is exhausted to such a degree as to affect the voice.

3. **Enunciation.** Few children enunciate all sounds distinctly. If you watch children carefully, you will find that some have difficulty with vowels, others with consonants. Special drill exercises should be given to classes to cover general deficiencies, and to individuals to meet particular needs.

4. **Correct Pronunciation.** This is determined by the usage of good authors. To avoid errors it is necessary to consult frequently some standard dictionary, with which every class room should be supplied.

5. **The Quality of the Voice.** Another consideration to which it is necessary to give careful attention is the quality of the voice. It is said that very few Americans have agreeable voices. This is a serious national defect. No one who has felt the charm of a rich, full, gentle voice needs to be told the importance of training the voices of children.

Special attention should be given to timbre, pitch, and inflection. Strive to cultivate in your children full, rich voices. In reading, give careful heed to appropriateness of vocalization,—that is, see that the children use the proper quality of tone and the right inflections to express the feeling of what they are reading. Good reading is a beautiful art, and cannot be secured by obedience to technical laws merely. It can only be secured by constant watchfulness and care on the part of both pupil and teacher.

*You hear that boy laughing?—you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.*
"The Boys"—Holmes.



PRELIMINARY MATTER.

	PAGE
PREFACE	5
SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS	8

SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY.

LESSON.	SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	
I.	Just as Well	<i>Juliana Horatia Ewing</i>	15
II.	That Calf	<i>Alice Cary</i>	22
III.	The Fox and the Cat	<i>J. and W. Grimm</i>	25
IV.	The Fox and the Horse	<i>J. and W. Grimm</i>	27
V.	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow		29
VI.	Hiawatha's Friends	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	32
VII.	Hiawatha's Departure	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	39
VIII.	Excelsior	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	44
IX.	The Ants' Monday Dinner	<i>Helen Hunt Jackson</i>	46
X.	The Cow and the Ass	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	52
XI.	How Little Cedric became a Knight	<i>Elizabeth Harrison</i>	55
XII.	A Visit from Saint Nicholas	<i>Clement C. Moore</i>	72
XIII.	Language		75
XIV.	The English Language		79
XV.	Printing		84
XVI.	The Planting of the Apple Tree	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	91
XVII.	The Song of the Sower	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	95
XVIII.	Aladdin; or the Wonderful Lamp	<i>"Arabian Nights"</i>	103
XIX.	A Dutch Lullaby	<i>Eugene Field</i>	132
XX.	Krinken	<i>Eugene Field</i>	134

LESSON.	SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
XXI.	Lullaby to the Fairy Queen	<i>William Shakespeare</i>	137
XXII.	The History of Tip-Top	<i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i>	139
XXIII.	Robert Louis Stevenson		152
XXIV.	The Wind	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	154
XXV.	Night and Day	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	155
XXVI.	Nest Eggs	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	157
XXVII.	The Water Babies	<i>Charles Kingsley</i>	159
XXVIII.	King Edward the Fifth		216
XXIX.	John Greenleaf Whittier		221
XXX.	The Barefoot Boy	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	222
XXXI.	The Brown Dwarf of Rügen	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	227
XXXII.	The Nest of the Golden Eagle	<i>John Wilson</i>	234
XXXIII.	The Kitten and the Falling Leaves	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	241
XXXIV.	A Boisterous Winter Evening	<i>Dorothy Wordsworth</i>	246
XXXV.	Goody Blake and Harry Gill	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	249
XXXVI.	March	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	254
XXXVII.	How the Leaves Came Down	<i>Susan Coolidge</i>	255
XXXVIII.	Greece and the Greeks		256
XXXIX.	Mount Olympus and its Inhabitants		259
XL.	Phaëthon		267
XLI.	Persephone		275
XLII.	The Beginnings of Things		279
XLIII.	The Quarrel of the Goddesses		283
XLIV.	The Trojan War		286
XLV.	The Death of Hector		291
XLVI.	The Wooden Horse		293
XLVII.	The Olympian Games		296
XLVIII.	The Spartans and Leonidas		298
XLIX.	Tubal Cain	<i>Charles Mackay</i>	304
L.	Athens and the Athenians		306
LI.	Demosthenes		309
LII.	The Legend of Saint Christopher	<i>Helen Hunt Jackson</i>	312

LEXICON	316
-------------------	-----

LIST OF AUTHORS.

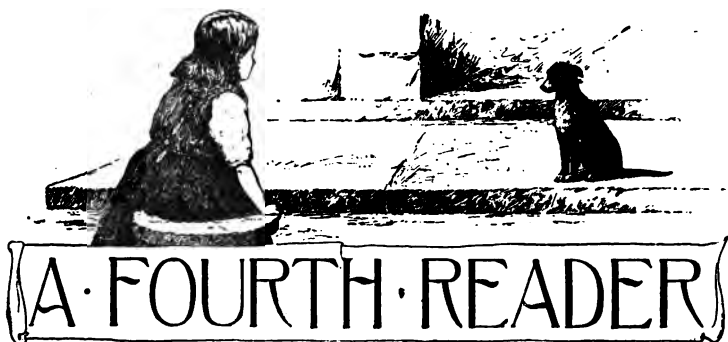
NAME.	SELECTION.	PAGE.
"ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS"	Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp	103
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN	The Planting of the Apple Tree	91
" " "	The Song of the Sower	95
CARY, ALICE	That Calf	22
COOLIDGE, SUSAN	How the Leaves Came Down	255
EWING, JULIANA HORATIA	Just as Well	15
FIELD, EUGENE	A Dutch Lullaby	132
" " "	Krinken	134
GRIMM, JAKOB AND WILHELM	The Fox and the Cat	25
" " "	The Fox and the Horse	27
HARRISON, ELIZABETH	How Little Cedric became a Knight	55
JACKSON, HELEN HUNT	The Ants' Monday Dinner	46
KINGSLEY, CHARLES	The Water Babies	159
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH	Hiawatha's Friends	32
" " "	Hiawatha's Departure	39
" " "	Excelsior	44
MACKAY, CHARLES	Tubal Cain	304
MOORE, CLEMENT CLARKE	A Visit from Saint Nicholas	72
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM	Lullaby to the Fairy Queen	137
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS	The Wind	154
" " "	Night and Day	155
" " "	Nest Eggs	157
STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER	The History of Tip-Top	139
TAYLOR, JANE	The Cow and the Ass	52
THACKERAY, WILLIAM M.	King Canute	312
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF	The Barefoot Boy	222
" " "	The Brown Dwarf of Rügen	227
WILSON, JOHN	The Nest of the Golden Eagle	234
WORDSWORTH, DOROTHY	A Boisterous Winter Evening	246
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM	The Kitten and the Falling Leaves	241
" " "	Goody Blake and Harry Gill	249
" " "	March	254



TITIAN.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

*"The giant scarce could stand upright,
His staff shook in his hand." (Page 314.)*



A FOURTH READER

I. JUST AS WELL.

BY MRS. JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

"BE sure, my child," said the widow to her little daughter, "that you always do just as you are told."

"Very well, mother."

"Or, at any rate, do what will do just as well," said the small house-dog as he lay blinking at the fire.

"You darling!" cried little Joan; and she sat down on the hearth and hugged him. But he got up and shook himself, and moved three turns nearer the oven to be out of the way; for though her arms were soft, she had kept her doll in them, and that was made of wood, which hurts.

"What a dear, kind house-dog you are!" said little Joan; and she meant what she said, for it does feel nice to have the sharp edges of one's duty a little softened off for one.

He was no particular kind of dog, but he was very smooth to stroke, and had a nice way of blinking with his eyes which it was soothing to see. There had been a difficulty about his name. The name of the house-dog before him was Faithful; and well it became him, as his tombstone testified.¹ The one before that was called Wolf; he was very wild, and ended his days on the gallows for worrying sheep.

The little house-dog never chased anything, to the widow's knowledge. There was no reason whatever for giving him a bad name, and she thought of several good ones, such as Faithful, and Trusty, and Keeper, which are fine old-fashioned titles, but none of these seemed quite perfectly to suit him. So he was called So-so; and a very nice, soft name it is.

The widow was only a poor woman, though she contrived by her industry to keep a decent home together, and to get now one and now another little comfort for herself and her child.

One day she was going out on business, and she called her little daughter and said to her, "I am going out for two hours. You are too young, to protect yourself and the house, and So-so is not as strong as Faithful was. But when I go, shut the house door, and bolt the big wooden bar, and be sure that you do not open it for any reason whatever till I return.

¹ tes'ti-fied, bore witness.

very
king
here
ame
vell
one
nd
p.
re
r
f

"If strangers come, So-so may bark, which he can do as well as a bigger dog. Then they will go away. With this summer's savings I have bought a quilted petticoat for you and a duffle¹ cloak for myself, against the winter; and if I get the work I am going after to-day, I shall buy enough wool to knit warm stockings for us both. So be patient till I return, and then we will have the plum cake that is in the cupboard for tea."

"Thank you, mother."

"Good-by, my child. Be sure and do just as I have told you," said the widow.

"Very well, mother."

Little Joan laid down her doll, and shut the house door, and fastened the big bolt. It was very heavy, and the kitchen looked gloomy when she had done it.

"I wish mother had taken us all three with her, and had locked the house and put the key in her big pocket, as she has done before," said little Joan, as she got into the rocking-chair to put her doll to sleep.

"Yes, it would have done just as well," So-so replied, as he stretched himself on the hearth.

By and by Joan grew tired of hushabying the doll, who looked none the sleepier for it, and she took the three-legged stool and sat down in front

¹ duffle, a kind of coarse woolen cloth.

of the clock to watch the hands. After a while she drew a deep sigh.

"There are sixty seconds in every single minute, So-so," she said.

"So I have heard," said So-so. He was snuffing in the back place, which was not usually allowed.

"And sixty whole minutes in every hour, So-so."

"You don't say so!" growled So-so. He had not found a bit, and the cake was on the top shelf. There was not so much as a spilt crumb, though he snuffed in every corner of the kitchen till he stood snuffing under the house door.

"The air smells fresh," he said.

"It's a beautiful day, I know," said little Joan. "I wish mother had allowed us to sit on the doorstep. We could have taken care of the house —"

"Just as well," said So-so.

Little Joan came to smell the air at the keyhole, and, as So-so had said, it smelt very fresh. Besides, one could see from the window how fine the evening was.

"It's not exactly what mother told us to do," said Joan, "but I do believe —"

"It would do just as well," said So-so.

By and by little Joan unfastened the bar and opened the door, and she and the doll and So-so went out and sat on the doorstep.

Not a stranger was to be seen. The sun shone delightfully, — an evening sun, and not too hot for comfort. All day it had been ripening the corn in the field close by, and this glowed and waved in the breeze.

"It does just as well, and better," said little Joan; "for if any one comes, we can see him coming up the field path."

"Just so," said So-so, blinking in the sunshine.

Suddenly Joan jumped up.

"Oh!" cried she, "there's a bird, a big bird. Dear So-so, can you see him? I can't, because of the sun. What a queer noise he makes! Crake! crake! Oh! I can see him now. He is not flying, he is running, and he has gone into the corn. I do wish I were in the corn! I would catch him, and put him in a cage."

"I'll catch him," said So-so, and he put up his tail and started off.

"No, no!" cried Joan. "You are not to go. You must stay and take care of the house, and bark if any one comes."

"You could scream, and that would do just as well," replied So-so, with his tail still up.

"No, it would n't," cried little Joan.

"Yes, it would," reiterated¹ So-so.

Whilst they were bickering,² an old woman came

¹ re-it'er-at-ed, repeated.

² bick'er-ing, wrangling; disputing.

up to the door; she had a brown face, and black hair, and a very old red cloak.

"Good evening, my little dear," said she. "Are you all at home this fine evening?"

"Only three of us," said Joan, — "I, and my doll, and So-so. Mother has gone to the town on business, and we are taking care of the house; but So-so wants to go after the bird we saw run into the corn."

"Was it a pretty bird, my little dear?" asked the old woman.

"It was a very curious one," said Joan, "and I should like to go after it myself, but we can't leave the house."

"Dear, dear! Is there no neighbor would sit on the doorstep for you, and keep the house till you just slip down to the field after the curious bird?" said the old woman.

"I'm afraid not," said little Joan. "Old Martha, our neighbor, is now bedridden.¹ Of course, if she had been able to mind the house instead of us, it would have done just as well."

"I have some distance to go this evening," said the old woman, "but I do not object to a few minutes' rest; and sooner than that you should lose the bird I will sit on the doorstep to oblige you, while you run down to the cornfield."

¹ *bed'rid-den*, kept to one's bed by sickness or age.

"But can you bark if any one comes?" asked Joan. "For if you can't, So-so must stay with you."

"I can call you and the dog if I see any one coming, and that will do just as well," said the old woman.

"So it will," replied little Joan; and off she ran to the cornfield, where, for that matter, So-so had run before her, and was bounding and barking and springing among the wheat stalks.

They did not catch the bird, though they stayed longer than they had intended, and though So-so seemed to know more about hunting than was supposed.

"I dare say mother has come home," said little Joan, as they went back up the field path. "I hope she won't think we ought to have stayed in the house!"

"It was well taken care of," said So-so, "and that must do just as well."

When they reached the house, the widow had not come home.

But the old woman had gone, and she had taken the quilted petticoat and the duffle cloak, and the plum cake from the top shelf, away with her; and no more was ever heard of any of the lot.

"For the future, my child," said the widow, "I hope you will always do just as you are told, whatever So-so may say."

"I will, mother," said little Joan. And she did. But the house-dog sat and blinked. He dared not speak; he was in disgrace.

I do not feel quite sure about So-so. Wild dogs often amend their ways far on this side of the gallows, and the faithful sometimes fall; but when any one begins by being only So-so, he is very apt to be So-so to the end. So-sos so seldom change for the better.

But this one was very soft and nice, and he got no cake that tea-time. On the whole, we will hope that he lived to be a good dog ever after.

II. THAT CALF.

BY ALICE CARY.



AN old farmer, one morn, hurried out to his barn,
Where the cattle were standing, and said,
While they trembled with fright,
"Now which of you, last night,

Shut the barn door while I was in bed?"
Each one of them half shook his head.

Now the little calf, Spot, she was down in the
lot,

And the way the rest did was a shame;
For not one, night before, saw her close up the door,
But they said that she did, all the same;
For they always made her bear the blame.

Said the horse, Dapple-gray, "I was not up this
way

Last night, as I now recollect;"
And the bull, passing by, tossed his horns very high,
And said, "Where's the one to object,
If I say 't is that calf I suspect?"

"It is too wicked, now," said the old brindle cow,
"To accuse honest folks of such tricks."
Said the cock in the tree, "I am sure 't was n't me;"
All the sheep just said, "Bah!" — there were
six;

And they thought, now that calf's in a fix!

"Of course we all knew 't was the wrong thing
to do,"

Cried the chickens; "Of course," mewed the cat;
"I suppose," said the mule, "some folks think me
a fool,

But I'm not quite so simple as that, —
Well, that calf never knows what she's at!"

Just then the poor calf, who was always the laugh
And the jest of the yard, came in sight.

"Did you shut my barn door?" said the farmer
once more;

And she answered, "I did, sir, last night;
For I thought that to close it was right."

Now each beast shook his head: "She will catch
it," they said;

"Serve her right, for her meddlesome way."

Cried the farmer: "Come here, little bossy, my dear!
You have done what I cannot repay,
And your fortune is made from to-day.

"Very strangely, last night, I forgot the door quite,
And if you had not closed it so neat,
All the colts had slipped in, and gone straight to
the bin,

And got what they ought not to eat,—

They'd have foundered¹ themselves upon wheat."

Then each beast of them all began loudly to bawl,
The mule tried to smile, the cock to crow;

"Little Spotty, my dear, you're the favorite² here,"
They all cried; "we're so glad it was you!"
But that calf only answered them, "Boo!"

¹ foun'dered, made sick and lame.

² fa'vor-ite, best liked.

III. THE FOX AND THE CAT.

BY JAKOB AND WILHELM GRIMM.¹

ONE day a cat met a fox in the wood. "Ah," she thought, "he is clever² and sensible, and talked of in the world a great deal; I will speak to him."

So she said, quite in a friendly manner, "Good morning, dear Mr. Fox; how are you? and how do affairs go with you in these expensive³ times?"

The fox, full of pride, looked at the cat from head to foot, and for a long time hardly knew what to say to her. At last he said, "You poor, little whisker cleaner, you gray old tabby, you hungry mouse hunter! what are you thinking about to come to me, and to stand there and ask me how I am going on? What have you learned, and how many tricks do you know?"

"I know only one trick," answered the cat, quite meekly.

"And pray what is that?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "if the hounds are behind me, I can spring into a tree and save myself."

"Is that all?" cried the fox. "Why, I am master of a hundred tricks, and have over and

¹ Jakob and Wilhelm are the German for Jacob and William.

² clever, bright.

³ ex-pen'sive, dear; costly.

above all a sackful of cunning. But I pity you, puss; so come with me, and I will teach you how to baffle¹ both men and hounds."

At this moment a hunter, with four hounds, was seen approaching.² The cat sprang nimbly up a tree, and seated herself on the highest branch, where, by the spreading foliage,³ she was quite concealed.⁴

"Turn out the sack, Mr. Fox! turn out the sack!" cried the cat; but the hounds had already seized him, and held him fast.

"Ah, Mr. Fox," cried the cat, "your hundred tricks are not of much use to you; now if you had only known one like mine, you would not have so quickly lost your life."

From the German of Grimms' Fairy Tales.

¹ **baffle**, outwit; escape.

² **ap-proach'ing**, coming nearer.

³ **fo'li-age**, leaves.

⁴ **con-cealed'**, hid.



IV. THE FOX AND THE HORSE.

BY JAKOB AND WILHELM GRIMM.

A PEASANT¹ once had a faithful horse, who had grown old and could not serve his master any longer; he did not care therefore to provide him with food. So he said to the old horse, "I really do not want you any more, for you are of no use to me; but if you can prove your strength by bringing me a lion, I will keep you as long as you live. In the meantime, however, just walk out of my stable, and go and make yourself a home in the fields."

The horse, feeling very sad, wandered away till he came to a wood, so that he might shelter himself under the trees in bad weather. Here a fox met him, and said, "Friend, why do you hang your head and look so lonely?"

"Ah," replied the horse, "avarice² and fidelity³ cannot dwell together in one house. My master has forgotten for how many years I served him and bore him safely from place to place; and now that I am unable to plow any longer, he will not provide me with food, and has sent me away."

"Without any consolation⁴?" asked the fox.

"The consolation was worthless," replied the horse. "He told me that if I was strong enough to bring

¹ peas'ant, a countryman or rustic.

³ fi-del'i-ty, faithfulness.

² av'a-rice, greed.

⁴ con-so-la'tion, comfort.

him a lion, he would take me back and keep me ; but he knows very well that I could not do that."

Then said the fox, "Don't be downhearted ; I can help you. Just lie down here, stretch yourself out as if you were dead, and do not move."

The horse did as the fox desired him, while the fox went to a lion whose den was not far off. "Yonder lies a dead horse," said the fox to the lion ; "come with me and I will show you where it is, and you can have a good feast."

The lion went with the fox ; but when they reached the spot the fox said, "You cannot make a meal comfortably here. I'll tell you what I will do ; I will tie the horse to your tail, and then you can drag him to your den and consume¹ him at your leisure."

The lion was pleased with this advice ; he placed himself near the horse, and stood quite still to enable the fox to tie the tail quite securely. But in the doing so, the fox contrived² to twist the rope round the lion's legs so tightly that with all his strength he could not move them. When the fox had accomplished this feat³ he struck the horse on the shoulder, and cried, "Gee up, old horse ! gee up !"

Up sprang the horse, and started off at full speed, dragging the lion with him. As they dashed through the wood, the lion began to roar, and roared so loud that all the birds flew away in a fright. But the

¹ con-sume', eat.

² con-trived', managed.

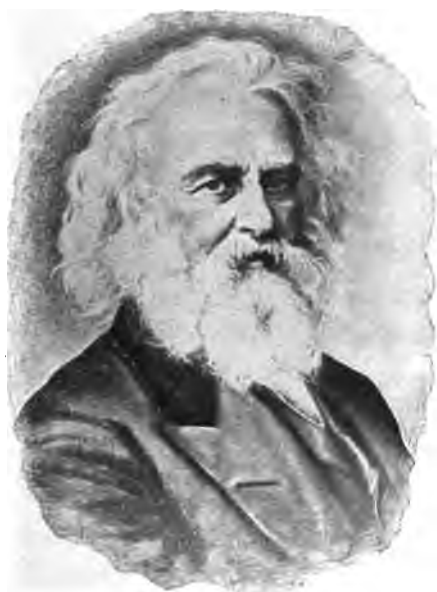
³ feat, deed.

horse dragged him over field and meadow to his master's door. As soon as the master saw what his horse had done, he said to him, "As you have accomplished¹ what I required,² you shall now stay with me and have food and shelter as long as you live."

From the German of Grimms' Fairy Tales.

V. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1807-1882.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MANY years ago, in New England lived a boy who wanted to be a poet. Do you know what a poet is? He is one who sees the beautiful in everything, and can tell about it in such a way that others can see it, too. He even sees beauty in things that others think ugly. The poet loves little children, because he sees beauty in them.

He thinks beautiful thoughts, and tells them in beau-

¹ ac-com'plished, done. ² re-quired', demanded; insisted upon.

tiful words, and he helps to make people better by showing how beautiful goodness is.

What he writes we call poetry. You know how a poem looks in print. It is quite different from prose; it usually has short lines, of about equal length. Most poems are written in rhyme. You know what rhymes are. But it is not the way it is written that makes a poem, but rather the beautiful thought contained in it.

Now this boy loved rocks, and trees, and little children, and running brooks, and flowers, and goodness; and he wanted to be a poet so that he could tell others about these things. His name was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He was a good scholar, and when he was only fourteen years old, he had finished all the courses of study in the schools, and had entered college. After he left college, he traveled to see the world, and to learn some of the wonderful things that he could learn only in that way. Then he became a professor in college, and for many years taught other boys some of the things which he had learned.

But, best of all, he loved to write poetry; so that, finally, he gave up teaching and spent the rest of his life in writing beautiful thoughts for others to read; and, though he has been dead now for years, we still like to read what he wrote. All who knew him loved him. Look at his picture, and see if you

do not think you would have loved him. He lived in Cambridge, near Boston, in a fine old house where General Washington had once lived when he was fighting for his country.

There was a large, open field in front of his house, running down to the Charles River, and the poet used to look over this field down upon the flowing river, and see the boats go by. But, as the city grew, some man bought this field and was about to put a building on it. Mr. Longfellow was very sorry at the thought of losing the view of his beloved river; so some friends bought the field, and said that it should remain open as long as Mr. Longfellow lived, in order that the dear old poet might not lose his view of the river.

Among the poems that Mr. Longfellow wrote was one called "The Village Blacksmith." It was about a blacksmith whose smithy stood under a great chestnut tree in the town where Mr. Longfellow lived. After many years the tree blew down; then the schoolchildren of Cambridge, who had read and enjoyed the poem, had a fine large armchair made from the wood of the chestnut tree, and gave it to Mr. Longfellow on his birthday. He was so pleased with the gift that he wrote a poem about it, and whenever a child visited him he put him in this chair and gave him a copy of the poem.

VI. HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



TWO good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Straight between them ran the
pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it;
Singing birds that utter falsehoods,
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,
For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering¹ much and much contriving²
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.

¹ pon'der-ing, thinking.² con-triv'ing, planning.

Beautiful and childlike was he,
 Brave as man is, soft as woman,
 Pliant¹ as a wand² of willow,
 Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened;
 All the warriors gathered round him,
 All the women came to hear him;
 Now he stirred their souls to passion,³
 Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned
 Flutes so musical and mellow,
 That the brook, the Sebowisha,
 Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
 That the woodbird ceased from singing,
 And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 Ceased his chatter in the oak tree,
 And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
 Sat upright to look and listen.
 All the many sounds of nature
 Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
 All the hearts of men were softened
 By the pathos⁴ of his music;
 For he sang of peace and freedom,
 Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
 Sang of death, and life undying
 In the Islands of the Blessed,



¹ pliant, easily bent; yielding.

² wand, a small rod.

3—4R

³ passion, strong feeling.

⁴ pathos, sadness; tender feeling.

In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabós,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers;
For his gentleness he loved him
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many;
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied¹ to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless,² dull and dreamy,
Never played with other children,
Never fished and never hunted,
Not like other children was he;
But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito³ entreated,⁴
Much besought the Guardian Spirit.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said his father,
“In the hunt you never help me;

¹ al-lie'd', joined to. ² list'less, not active; not interested.

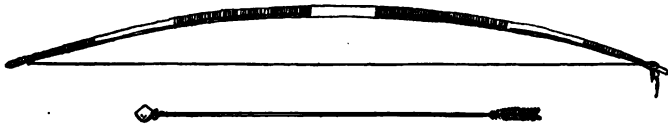
³ Man'i-to, a spirit held in religious awe by the Indians.

⁴ en-treat'ed, prayed to.



*"Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind."*

Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder¹ every arrow;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward."



Indian Bow and Arrow

Down a narrow pass they wandered,
Where a brooklet led them onward,
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,²
Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber³;
Not a woodchuck could get through them,
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"
And straightway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,

¹ a-sun'der, apart.² mar'gin, edge.³ clam'ber, climb, or cross with difficulty.

Lo! the path was cleared before him;
 All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
 To the right hand, to the left hand,
 Shot the pine trees swift as arrows,
 Hurled the cedars light as lances.
 , "Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,
 As they sported in the meadow.
 "Why stand idly looking at us,
 Leaning on the rock behind you?
 Come and wrestle with the others,
 Let us pitch and quoit¹ together!"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
 To their challenge made no answer,
 Only rose and, slowly turning,
 Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
 Tore it from its deep foundation,
 Poised² it in the air a moment,
 Pitched it sheer into the river,
 Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
 Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,
 Down the rapids of Pauwating,
 Kwasind sailed with his companions,
 In the stream he saw a beaver,
 Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
 Struggling with the rushing currents,
 Rising, sinking in the water.

¹ quoit, to throw quoits.

² poised, held steadily ; balanced.

Without speaking, without pausing,
Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,
Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified¹ companions
Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!
We shall never more see Kwasind!"
But he reappeared² triumphant,³
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much, and much contriving,
How the tribes of men might prosper.⁴

¹ ter'ri-fied, frightened.

² re-ap-peared', came in sight again.

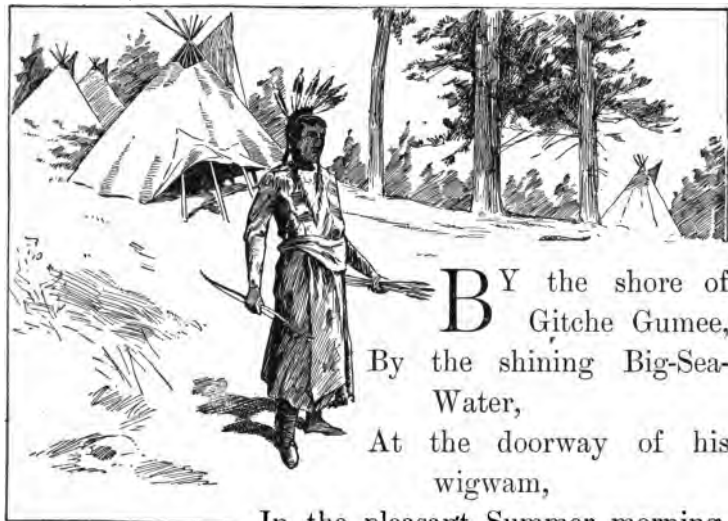
³ tri-um'phant, rejoicing in victory.

⁴ pros'per, do well ; be happy.



INDIAN HELMET.

VII. HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.



BY the shore of
Gitché Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-
Water,
At the doorway of his
wigwam,

In the pleasant Summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,
And the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him, through the sunshine,
Westward towards the neighboring forest,
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;

On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected¹ in the water ;
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,²
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
As it falls and flecks³ an oak tree
Through the rifted⁴ leaves and branches.

Slowly o'er the simmering⁵ landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,

¹ re-flect'ed, thrown back, as from a mirror.

² ex-ul-ta'-tion, great joy.

⁴ rift'ed, parted.

³ flecks, spots.

⁵ sim'mer-ing, heated.

Rushed into its secret ambush,¹
 Searched each thicket, dingle,² hollow;
 Still the guests of Hiawatha
 Slumbered in the silent wigwam.³

From his place rose Hiawatha,
 Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
 Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
 Did not wake the guests that slumbered:

"I am going, O Nokomis,
 On a long and distant journey,
 To the portals⁴ of the Sunset,
 To the regions of the home-wind,
 Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.
 But these guests I leave behind me,
 In your watch and ward I leave them;
 See that never harm comes near them,
 See that never fear molests⁵ them,
 Never danger nor suspicion,⁶
 Never want of food or shelter,
 In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

Forth into the village went he,
 Bade farewell to all the warriors,
 Bade farewell to all the young men,
 Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

"I am going, O my people,

¹ am'bush, a concealed place.

² din'gle, a small dell.

³ wig'wam, an Indian tent made of bark.

⁴ por'tals, gates.

⁵ mo-lests', harms; troubles.

⁶ sus-pi'cion, fear of evil.

On a long and distant journey;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!"

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous¹ water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward, Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

¹ lu'mi-nous, shining.

And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the haunts among the fen-lands,
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

VIII. EXCELSIOR.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



HE shades of night were falling
fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and
ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!¹

His brow was sad; his eye be-
neath,
Flashed like a falchion² from its
sheath,
And like a silver clarion³ rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral⁴ glaciers⁵ shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

¹ ex-cel'-si-or, still higher.³ clar'ion, a kind of horn.² fal'-chion, a broad-bladed sword.⁴ spec'tral, ghostly.⁵ gla'ciers, rivers of ice.

“Try not the Pass!” the old man said;
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”
And loud the clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

“Oh, stay!” the maiden said, “and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine tree’s withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!”¹
This was the peasant’s last Good-night.
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

¹ *av'-a-lanche*, a large body of sliding snow.

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

IX. THE ANTS' MONDAY DINNER.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON ("H. H.").

PART I.

HOW did I know what the ants had for dinner last Monday? It is odd that I should have known, but I'll tell you how it happened.

I was sitting under a great pine tree, high up on a hillside. The hillside was more than seven thousand feet above the sea, and this is higher than most mountains. But this hillside was in Colorado; so there was nothing wonderful in its being so high.

I had watched the great mountains with snow upon them, and the forest of pine trees — miles and miles of them — so close together that it looks as if one might lie down upon their tops and not fall through.

My eyes were tired with looking at such great, grand things, so many miles away; so I looked down upon the ground where I was sitting, and watched the ants, which were running about everywhere, as

busy and restless as if they had the whole world on their shoulders.

Suddenly I saw under a tuft of grass a tiny caterpillar, which seemed to be bounding along in a strange way: in a second more I saw an ant seize him and begin to drag him off.

The caterpillar was three times as long as the ant, and his body was more than twice as large round as the biggest part of the ant's body.

"Ho! ho! Mr. Ant," said I, "you are not strong enough to drag that fellow very far."

Why, it was about the same as if you should drag a heifer¹ which was kicking all the time; only a heifer has not half as many legs with which to catch hold of things as the caterpillar had.

Poor caterpillar! how he did try to get away! But the ant never gave him a second's time to get a good grip of anything; and he was cunning enough, too, to drag him on his side, so that he could not use his legs very well.

Up and down, under and over sticks and stones, in and out of tufts of grass, up to the top of the tallest blades and down again, over gravel and sand and across bridges of pine needles, from stone to stone, backward all the way, but, for all I could see, just as swiftly as if he were going head foremost, ran that ant, dragging the caterpillar after him.

¹ **heifer** (hef'fer), a young cow.

I watched him very closely, thinking of course he must be going toward his house.

Presently¹ he darted up the trunk of the pine tree.

“What does this mean?” said I. “Ants do not live in pine trees.”

The bark of the tree was broken and jagged,² and full of seams twenty times as deep as the height of the ant's body. He did not mind; down one side and up the other he went.

I had to watch very closely not to lose sight of him altogether. I began to think he was merely trying to kill the caterpillar,—that perhaps he did n't mean to eat him at all. How did I know but some ants hunt caterpillars, the same as some men hunt deer, for fun, and not at all because they need food?

If I had been sure of this, I would have spoiled Mr. Ant's sport, and set the poor caterpillar free. But I never heard of an ant's being cruel; and if it were really for dinner for his family that he was working so hard, I thought he ought to be helped and not hindered.

¹ pres'ent-ly, soon.

² jag'ged, rough; notched.



PART II.

JUST then my attention was diverted¹ by a sharp cry overhead.

I looked up and saw an immense hawk sailing round in circles, with two small birds flying after, pouncing down upon his head, then darting away, and all the time making shrill cries of fright and hatred. I knew very well what was meant. Mr. Hawk was trying to do some marketing for his dinner. He had his eyes on some little birds in their nest; and the father and mother birds were driving him away.

You would not have believed that two such little creatures could drive away such a creature as a hawk, but they did.

They seemed to fairly buzz around his head, as flies do around horses; and at last he flew off so far that he vanished in the sky, and the little birds came skimming home into the wood.

"The little people are stronger than the great ones, after all," I said.

But where has my ant gone?

It had not been two minutes that I had been watching the hawk and the birds, but in that two minutes the ant and the caterpillar had disappeared.

At last I found them,—where do you think? In a fold of my waterproof cloak, on which I was

¹ di-vert'ed, turned aside.

sitting. The ant had let go of the caterpillar and was running round and round him, and the caterpillar was too near dead to stir. I shook the fold out, and as soon as the cloth lay straight and smooth, the ant fastened his nippers into the caterpillar again, and started off as fast as ever.

By this time the caterpillar was so limp and helpless that the ant was not afraid of losing him; so he stopped a second now and then to rest.

Sometimes he would spring upon the caterpillar's back, and stretch himself out there; sometimes he would stand still and look at him sharply, keeping one nipper on his head.

It astonished me at first that none of the ants he met took any notice of him; they all went their own ways, and did not so much as sniff at the caterpillar. But soon I said to myself, "Do you not suppose that ants can be as well behaved as people? When you passed Mr. Jones, yesterday, you did not peep into his market basket, nor touch the big cabbage he had under his arm."

Presently the ant dropped the caterpillar, and ran on a few steps—I mean inches—to meet another ant who was coming towards him. They put their heads close together for a second. I could not hear what they said, but they both ran quickly back to the caterpillar, and one took him by the head and the other by the tail, and they got on finely.

It was only a few steps to the ant's house. The door was a round hole in the ground, about the size of my little finger. Several ants were standing in the doorway watching these two as they came up with the caterpillar.

They all took hold as soon as the caterpillar was on the doorsteps, and almost before I knew he was fairly there they tumbled him down, heels over head, into the ground, and that was the last I saw of him.

The oddest thing was the way the ants came running home from all directions. I do not believe there was any dinner bell rung, though there might have been a finer one than my ears could hear, but in less than a minute I had counted thirty-three ants running down that hole.

I fancied they looked as hungry as wolves. I had a great mind to dig down into the hole with a stick to see what had become of the caterpillar; but I thought it would not be quite fair to take the roof off a man's house to see how he cooked his beef for dinner. So I sat still awhile, wondering how they would serve him, and if they would leave any for Tuesday, and then went home to my own dinner.





X. THE COW AND THE ASS.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

HARD by a green meadow a stream used to flow,
So clear one might see the white pebbles below ;

To this cooling stream the warm cattle would stray,
To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed¹ with the heat of the sun,
Came here to refresh, as she often had done ;
And, standing stock still, leaning over the stream,
Was musing,² perhaps, or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass, of respectable look,
Came trotting up also to taste of the brook,

¹ *op-pressed'*, overcome ; worn out.

² *mus'ing*, thinking.

And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass.

“How d’ye do?” said the cow. “How d’ye do?”
said the ass.

“Take a seat,” cried the cow, gently waving her
hand.

“By no means, dear madam,” said he, “while you
stand.”

Then, stooping to drink, with a complaisant¹ bow,
“Ma’am, your health,” said the ass. — “Thank you,
sir,” said the cow.

When a few of their compliments² more had been past,
They laid themselves down on the herbage³ at last;
And, waiting politely (as gentlemen must),
The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak
first.

Then, with a deep sigh, she directly began,
“Don’t you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man?
’Tis a subject that lays with a weight on my mind;
We certainly are much oppressed by mankind.

“Now, what is the reason (I see none at all),
That I always must go when Suke chooses to call?

¹ **com’plai-sant** (com’plā-zant’), courteous; obliging.

² **com’pli-ments**, flattering speeches.

³ **herb’age** pasture grass.

Whatever I'm doing ('t is certainly hard,)
At once I must go to be milked in the yard.

"I've no will of my own, but must do as they
 please,
And give them my milk to make butter and cheese;
I've often a vast mind to knock down the pail,
Or give Suke a box on the ear with my tail."

"But, ma'am," said the ass, "not presuming¹ to
 teach —

Oh, dear! I beg pardon — pray finish your speech;
I thought you had done, ma'am, indeed," said the
 swain;²

"Go on, and I'll not interrupt you again."

"Why, sir, I was only a-going to observe,
I'm resolved³ that these tyrants no longer I'll serve,
But leave them forever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese."

The ass waited a moment to see if she'd done;
And then, "Not presuming to teach," he begun,
"With submission,⁴ dear madam, to your better wit,
I own I am not quite convinced⁵ yet of it.

¹ **pre-sum'ing**, taking the liberty.

² **swain**, a young man; here used of a young animal.

³ **re-solved'**, determined.

⁴ **sub-mis'sion**, giving way; yielding.

⁵ **con-vinced'**, persuaded; made to believe.

"That you're of great service to them is quite true,
But surely they are of some service to you:

'T is their nice green meadow in which you regale;¹
They feed you in winter when grass and weeds fail;

"'T is under their shelter you snugly repose,
When, without it, dear ma'am, you perhaps might
be froze.

For my own part, I know I receive much from man,
And for him, in return, I do all that I can."

The cow, upon this, cast her eyes on the grass,
Not pleased at thus being reproved by an ass;
"Yet," thought she, "I'm determined I'll benefit²
by 't,
For I really believe the fellow is right."

XI. HOW LITTLE CEDRIC BECAME A KNIGHT.

BY ELIZABETH HARRISON.

A LONG time ago there lived a little boy whose
name was Cedric.³ At the foot of a high hill,
on the top of which stood a grand old castle, was
the stone hut in which he lived. The little boy had
many a time watched the strong iron gate rise slowly

¹ re-gale', refresh; feast. ² ben'e-fit, profit. ³ Ced'ric (Ked'rick).

from the ground as out of the courtyard of the castle would ride Sir Rollin Dubois and his faithful soldiers.

There were sometimes two or three visiting knights and their followers, and they were a gay sight as the sun shone on their glittering¹ armor of steel, and glanced from their bright helmets. They looked so strong and resolute² as they sat, calm and erect, in their saddles. A glance into their fine faces would have assured you that they were noble and brave, and could be trusted by everybody, from the King to the poorest peasant in the land. Their very horses seemed proud to carry them as they galloped along.

Little Cedric thought there never was anything more beautiful than these knights as they came down the hill on some quest³ of adventure or errand of mercy.

One day Cedric had been playing with his pet kitten. After a good romp with her, he had thrown himself down on the soft green grass to rest, and the queer little kitten had gone out into the middle of the dusty road and curled herself up for a nice nap.

Suddenly Cedric looked up and saw five knights with all their squires and pages⁴ galloping down the road! In a moment more his eye fell upon

¹ glit'ter-ing, shining. ² res'o-lute, bold. ³ quest, search.

⁴ squires and pages, attendants on great persons.

the kitten lying fast asleep in the middle of the highway. Fearing that the horsemen would not see her, he sprang to his feet, ran quickly forward, and gathered the soft little thing up in his arms just in time to save it from the horses' feet.

As the riders passed, one of the tall knights slackened his horse, and, smiling down upon Cedric, said, "My little fellow, you are almost brave enough to be a knight some day." He then galloped on to join his party, and soon the yellow dust which they had raised from the ground settled down again.

Cedric stood looking after the horsemen until they seemed a mere speck in the distance, and then disappeared altogether. He did not even notice the kitten in his arms when she put her nose up against his cheek.

At last he turned to go into the house, and as he went he said softly to himself, "To be a knight some day!" He ate his simple supper of bread and milk in silence. His mother noticed how quiet he was, but she said nothing; for she knew that in his own good time he would tell her all that was in his heart.

That night as he undressed for bed he looked up at the stars and said in a soft, low tone, "Beautiful stars, do you know what a wonderful thing Sir Rollin said to me to-day? He told me that perhaps some day I might be a knight!" He could hardly

sleep, he was so happy. The great knight had spoken to him, had praised his courage, and, best of all, had said that perhaps some day he, Cedric, might be a great knight himself!

“Could such a thing possibly come to pass?” He asked himself this question over and over again, until at last he fell asleep and dreamed that he was a large, strong man, and wore a shining armor of steel, and rode a splendid black horse, and carried a great sword, and that all the people of the country round about honored and loved him because he was one of the bravest knights in the whole land.

Just as he was dreaming that he was about to rescue a beautiful princess from an ugly giant who had shut her up in a prison, he heard his mother calling him. He opened his eyes and saw that the sky was all pink and gold with the clouds of the sunrise, and that he was only little Cedric in his attic chamber. He dressed himself quickly and climbed down the wooden ladder to the room below.

He was soon busy and happy, helping his mother feed the doves, and water the cow, and fetch hay for the two horses. After his father had eaten his breakfast and had gone to his work in the field, the little would-be knight and his mother washed the dishes and tidied the two small rooms. Cedric was very fond of thus helping her with the work, and she often said, “My little boy is both son and

daughter to me." By and by she sat down to her sewing.

Then Cedric could keep his secret no longer. Going up to her, he put his arm around her neck and whispered to her the story of the knight, how he had stopped and spoken, and what he had said. "Do you think I could ever grow up to be a knight, mother?" asked he.

His mother smiled, and then looked sober as she brushed his brown hair back from his forehead and said, "Knights have many, many hard things to do, my son, and oftentimes their lives are in danger."

"Yes, I know," answered Cedric, eagerly, "but think, mother, how brave they are, and how good! Do they not protect our country?"

"Yes," said his mother, "I know all that. I could not sleep at night when our enemies are near at hand if I did not know that Sir Rollin Dubois and his brave soldiers were on the hill close by. But you are a very little boy, Cedric. Run out to your play now."

Many times during the next few weeks little Cedric thought of the grand knights, and how one of them had smiled at him and had spoken as if he, Cedric, might some day be a great, strong knight, and ride a beautiful horse, and do brave deeds.

Weeks passed by, and the spring had changed into summer. One evening, just as the setting sun was

turning all the white clouds into gold and crimson, Cedric stood in the low doorway, wondering if where the angels lived could be more beautiful than was the sky over his dear mountain home. He suddenly heard the tramp of horses' feet, and, looking down across the plain, he saw a gay party of horsemen. Their armor flashed and shone in the light of the setting sun, and their long white plumes waved in the gentle evening breeze.

Cedric's face lighted up with a glad smile, for he knew that it was Sir Rollin Dubois and his soldiers returning from the terrible war to which the King had sent them. They soon came near enough for Cedric to see their faces, as the heavy steel visors¹ of their helmets were lifted so that they might breathe more freely the soft summer air. It had been a warm day, and Cedric noticed that even the tallest knight among them looked tired, and as if he would be glad to get to the castle and lay aside, for a while at least, his heavy armor.

Just as they were passing the door in which Cedric stood, one of them stopped his horse, and leaning forward said, "My little man, will you give me a drink of water?" Cedric ran quickly and filled a cup with fresh, cool water from the spring near by, and brought it to the knight. "Thank you," said

¹ vis'or, front piece of a cap or helmet.

the nobleman, as he handed the cup back to Cedric. "I am very glad to be able to serve you," said Cedric, quietly. The knight smiled, gathered up the reins of his horse, and said, "You are as courteous¹ as a knight, my boy."

That evening Cedric told his mother of this second speech, and then he asked, as a wistful² look came over his face, "Ah, mother dear, do you think I can ever become a knight?"

Weeks passed into months and the soft, gray snow clouds had covered the green hills with the white mantle of winter. Whenever Cedric felt like being rude, or cross, or selfish, he thought of the bright smile on the great knight's face that summer evening when he had asked for the cup of cold water, and he felt sure the smile would change into a frown if the knight should see him do a discourteous³ or a selfish act.

A year or two had passed, when one day something happened which Cedric never forgot. His father came in from his work and said, "Sir Rollin Dubois wants a young lad to come to the castle to take the place of his page who has lately been promoted.⁴ Do you think, wife, that our Cedric is strong enough for such an office?"

¹ *cour'-te-ous*, polite.

² *wist'ful*, wishful; longing.

³ *dis-cour'te-ous*, impolite.

⁴ *pro-mot'ed*, advanced in station.

Cedric's heart almost stopped beating while he listened for his mother's answer. She thought for a few moments, and then said slowly, as if weighing each word, "Yes, I think he would try very hard to do his duty, and I should like to have him learn more of knighthood. Perhaps some day he too may be a knight, who knows?" she added, as she turned smilingly to the radiant face of her boy.

That very afternoon she made a bundle of his few clothes, and his father took him by the hand, and walked with him up the steep hill to the great castle gate. Cedric had never before been so near the castle, and when his father lifted the heavy iron knocker, and brought it down with two or three loud knocks, it seemed to him that his heart was knocking almost as loudly. Not that he was afraid, but he was stirred by the thought of going into the presence of the great and noble Sir Rollin, whom all people loved and revered.¹

The huge iron gate slowly lifted. The drawbridge was already thrown across the ditch of water which surrounded the castle, and in a few moments Cedric and his father had passed under the stone archway and were standing within the courtyard. A man took them into a large room whose walls and floors were of stone, and bade them sit down on a wooden bench which stood near a door, saying at

¹ re-vered', greatly respected.

the same time, "I will tell Sir Rollin that you are here."

They had been waiting some time when a door at the other end of the room opened, and a large, well-built man, who looked so tall and straight that he reminded Cedric of a mountain pine, came forward. He was not dressed in armor, but Cedric knew at once that it was Sir Rollin Dubois. The knight talked a few moments with Cedric's father, and then, turning to Cedric, he said, "And you think you would like to become a knight, my boy? Are you sure that you will not mind hard work, and will remember always to be true and pure, brave and unselfish?"

Cedric's smile was so bright that no answer was needed. The knight turned again to his father and said, "Do you realize that it will take ten years or more of discipline and hard work on the part of your boy before he can hope to be promoted to a position of responsibility?"¹ "Yes," said the father, quietly, "but I think he is willing to try it."

After a little talk, it was decided that the boy should begin his training then and there. So his father bade him good-by, and left. Cedric was taken by an older boy up some stone stairs to a small room whose ceiling, walls, and floor were of stone. In the corner of the room lay a pile of straw,

¹ re-spon-si-bil'i-ty, trust; duty.

over which had been thrown a sheepskin. At one side of the room was a small table. No other furniture was in the apartment save a cedar chest, which was doubtless intended to serve for both chair and wardrobe.

There was a narrow, pointed window in one side of the room through which the sunlight came. Cedric went up to the window and looked out, but it was so high that he could see only the blue sky and a soft white cloud. "Ah," thought Cedric to himself, "I can at least see the stars at night and the sunlight each morning. Will they not remind me always of the good God who watches over me?"

That night his supper consisted of some coarse barley bread and a bowl of broth. Cedric, however, was used to simple food, and did not mind this part of his discipline.¹ As he lay down upon the pile of straw and drew the sheepskin over him, he thought of his nice warm bed at home; but instantly came this other thought, "I must learn to be hardy and strong if I am ever to do any great work in the world. So I will not mind such little discomforts as these."

Cedric soon found that he had not only to eat coarse food and sleep on a hard bed, but that he had to practice standing very straight, running very swiftly, and managing a horse; to jump on and off

¹ dis'ci-pline, training.

while the horse was in full gallop, to throw his spear with unerring accuracy,¹ and also that he must be prompt and ready to obey a call from Sir Rollin; that he must not only learn to do errands faithfully and quickly, but to wait patiently and quietly oftentimes when he could not understand why he waited.

Year after year passed by, and little Cedric had grown large and tall. When he visited his home he used often to laugh at the little bed which had once held him so cosily. Not only had he grown strong and tall, but he had grown even more in thoughtfulness and courtesy toward all about him.

One day Sir Rollin sent for him. "Cedric," said he, "I wish you to take a message to the King. It is quite an important one, and it must reach him before to-morrow night. Get ready as quickly as you can. Take my gray horse, as he is the swiftest one in the stables, and remember that I have trusted you much by sending you upon this errand."

Cedric's heart beat wild with joy as he thought, "At last I have proved faithful enough to be sent with a message to our great King." He was ready in less than half an hour, and, jumping on the splendid gray charger, he went galloping down the highway. On and on he rode.

¹ un-err'ing ac'cu-ra-cy, true aim.



G. W. WATTS.

"Jumping on the splendid gray charger, he went galloping down the highway" (page 65).

At last he entered a thick forest of pine trees. The road grew very dark and lonesome.

"What if I should meet some wild beast?" thought Cedric; but he added, half aloud, "If I am ever to be a knight, I must learn to be brave, and face every danger."

It was not long before he was quite sure that he heard a deep,

low growl. His heart beat fast, but he rode steadily forward, and soon the growl was repeated, this time nearer and more distinctly; and Cedric saw in the dim light a great wild boar coming towards him.

The creature's eyes were shining like fire, and his white tusks overhung his lower jaw in a fierce and forbidding fashion. Cedric knew that this must be the beast which had destroyed so many of the cattle of the neighboring peasants, but who was so strong and savage that no one had dared to go near him. He spurred his horse forward as he thought, "If I kill this wild boar, I shall already have begun to be of service to the people of my country." So he lifted the spear which he carried at his side from its leathern socket, and, raising it high in the air, hurled it swiftly at the beast, who was ready to spring upon him.

In a moment more the wild boar rolled over upon the ground dead. Cedric reached down and drew his spear from its side, and as he rode on again he thought, "Wolves and wild boars must not stop the way of a messenger of the King. I must fear nothing if I am to be a knight."

After a time his road lay out of the forest into the sunlight. As he approached a small village he heard a great noise as of much shouting, and soon he saw a group of boys who were evidently hoot-

ing and laughing at something in their midst. He rode up to where they were, and felt himself growing indignant¹ as he saw an old deformed man standing in their midst, at whom they were jeering.²

In a moment he sprang from his horse, and pressing through the crowd of boys he stood beside the old man. On his face was a flush of indignant anger. "How dare you," he exclaimed, "laugh at or insult an old man like this?" The boys drew back frightened. Although he was really no taller than they, he seemed to tower above them. "My!" exclaimed one of them in a whisper, "does n't he look like a knight as he stands there?" "I should n't wonder if he were one," said another.

Cedric turned to the old man, who was trembling in every limb. "Where are you going?" asked he kindly. "Only to the next village," said the old man, "but these boys stopped me on my way. I cannot help my deformity³ nor my old age. I wish I could." The tears stood in his eyes as he spoke. "Come," said Cedric, gently, "let me help you upon my horse. I, too, am going to the next village."

When they had reached the next village, Cedric

¹ in-dig'nant, angry with cause.

² jeer'ing, mocking; taunting.

³ de-form'ity, unnatural shape or form.

helped the old man from the horse at his own door. Then, mounting, he thought to himself, "I am very hungry; I think I will stop at the village inn and get a good warm supper. No," said he, on second thought, "I cannot stop now. I have had to travel so slowly because of the old man that I must make up for lost time." With that he tightened the rein of his beautiful horse, and the two had soon left the village far in the distance. Cedric reached back to a leather pouch behind him and took from it a dry biscuit, which had to serve for his supper that night.

Late in the evening he reached the house at which he was to rest his horse, and he himself slept for a few hours. By dawn the next day he was up and off on his journey. As he was riding by a small stream of water he noticed a poor little fish that some thoughtless fisherman had thrown upon the bank as too insignificant¹ to be taken home for breakfast. The tiny creature was struggling and gasping for breath as it vainly tried to get back into the water. "Ah! you poor little thing," thought Cedric, "I wish I had time to put you back into the stream, but I have n't!" and so he rode on.

Then came the thought, "A knight would take time to help anything that was suffering. If ever I am to be a knight, I must do so, too." With

¹ in-sig-nif-i-cant, small; worthless.

this thought he turned, and was soon back again at the spot where the little fish lay. He got down off of his horse, and, taking the poor creature in his hand as gently as possible, he stooped down and put it into the stream of water. It swam rapidly away as if glad, beyond words, to get back into its own element.¹ Its swiftly moving tail seemed to Cedric, as he watched it for a moment, to say, "Thank you, Cedric, thank you, thank you!" He then jumped on his horse again and rode on.

The day grew very warm, but Cedric knew that he must not stop for his own comfort; his errand was an important one, and he must reach the King's palace before night.

At last the beautiful palace came in sight, and in a few moments Cedric had ridden into the courtyard. He gave his letter to a servant to carry to one of the squires, who gave it to a courtier, who presented it to the King; for, you must remember, in those days a king was a very great person, and only those men who had risen high in rank could approach him.

Among other things, the note contained this message: it told the King that the bearer was a young lad who had been in training for knighthood; that Sir Rollin had found him always brave and trustworthy, true and noble, kind and courteous; and

¹ el'e-ment, the place naturally suited for any creature's existence.

that he, Sir Rollin, thought if the King wanted him in his army, he would find him worthy of the place.

The King sent for Cedric to come to him personally. Our little boy had grown into a tall youth, you know, and his frank, pure face was good to look upon. The King told him that he wished to put him in office in his army; and thus Cedric went to live in the King's household, and here he learned many things which he could not have learned at the castle of Sir Rollin Dubois.

Several years passed by, and Cedric had been intrusted with many enterprises both difficult and dangerous. At last, one day, the King sent for him to come into the throne room. There sat the King upon a beautiful throne of gold; beside him sat the Queen. Over their heads was a crimson velvet canopy.¹ Standing about the room was a great number of courtiers and grand ladies. As Cedric entered the room, the King said, "Come forward!"

Cedric stepped forward and kneeled upon one knee before the throne, as was the custom in those days. The King raised his beautiful golden scepter² and struck Cedric lightly upon the shoulder with it, saying, at the same time, "Rise, Sir Cedric of Altholstane." And Cedric knew that he was at last a knight!

¹ can'o-py, an ornamental covering.

² scēp'ter, a staff borne by a ruler as an emblem of his power.

In time he had a beautiful castle of his own, and splendid armor, and a beautiful black horse. The handsome horse used to prance and toss his head proudly in the air, as if he knew what a noble young knight he was carrying. After a while Cedric had a lovely wife and three sweet little children of his own; and, as he rode abroad over the country, many a time the peasants, standing in their cottage doors, would say to one another, "There goes the brave Sir Cedric of Altholstane. God bless him! May he live long to help protect our country!" And all the people loved him.

XII. A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS.

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.



T WAS the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not
even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the
chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds, :
While visions of sugarplums danced through their
heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's
nap, —

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash;
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature¹ sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick!
More rapid than eagles his coursers² they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by
name:

“Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer! now
Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away, all!”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle,³ mount to the
sky,

So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys, — and Saint Nicholas, too.

¹ *min'-i-a-ture*, very small. ² *cours'ers*, horses usually, here reindeer.

³ *ob'sta-cle*, something in the way.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came with a
bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his
foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished¹ with ashes and
soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how
merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the
snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spake not a word, but went straight to his
work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a
jerk,

¹ tar'nished, soiled.

And, laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod,—up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-
NIGHT!”

XIII. LANGUAGE.

DID you ever think how many parts of the human body you use when you speak a word? If not, you will find it interesting. Try it. While you are speaking, see if you can detect how many different organs¹ and muscles you use. As you doubtless know, the voice is made by the breath; so you must think first of the organs which we use in breathing. In order to speak, that is, to give out breath, we must first take the air in.

The lungs, you know, are called the organs of breathing; they are placed in the chest, and are very much like a great sponge. They are soft, and full of countless holes and passages of different sizes, some being so small that they cannot be seen with the naked eye, and all of them are filled with air when we draw in a breath.

¹ or'gans, parts or members of the body.

But how do we draw in a breath? Ah, that is another question. We sometimes speak of taking air into the lungs, as if we took hold of it and pulled it in; but that is not the way it is done. We simply make a place for it, and the air itself is pushed in by its own weight. It is in making this place for the air that we use so many muscles.

Nearly all of the muscles of the trunk, from the hips to the throat, are used in breathing. Those of the loins and sides, back and chest, and also of the diaphragm, which is a sort of partition passing across the body and shutting the organs of the chest from those of the abdomen,—all these take part in breathing.

First, they spread themselves out so as to make room for the air. Put your hand on your body, draw in a long breath, and you will feel the muscles swelling. The air rushes in and fills every space that it can reach. The more room it has to fill, the better. That is one reason why tight clothes are not healthful; they do not allow us to swell out our bodies and take in all the air that we need.

When the lungs are filled with air, and the air has taken all the bad matter from the blood, then we want to drive it out again. So we draw the muscles together, and that squeezes or forces the

air out. Now, put your hands upon your sides, take in a long breath, and see how the muscles swell. Then breathe it out, and see how they are drawn together.

All this is breathing, you will say, and not talking. That is true; but, so far, you do the same things in talking that you do in breathing. This action of the muscles in breathing goes on without our thinking or knowing anything about it. The air enters the lungs without making any noise, and goes out as quietly; but, if we wish, we can use certain other muscles, so that the breath, when it goes out, will make a noise, which we call voice.

There are in the throat two cords, or strips, called vocal cords, over which the breath passes. If we wish, we can draw these so tight that when the breath passes over them they will vibrate and produce a sound. Did you ever make a noise by blowing upon a blade of grass or a thin piece of rubber? Well, voice is caused in very much the same way. But the blade of grass and the piece of rubber each make only a single sound, while the human voice can make many thousands of different sounds.

There are, therefore, many organs used in making voice besides the vocal cords and those used in breathing. So notice again, as you are speaking, and see if you cannot tell what other organs you use. There are the palate, at the top of the throat, and

the teeth, which change the direction of the breath and the character of the sound it makes. There are the lips, which shut it off or let it pass, and, by the form we give them, make new sounds continually.

The shape of the mouth has much to do with the quality of voice; but the one organ which more than any other causes the different sounds which we make with our voices, is the tongue. Try it and see. Try to hold your tongue still, and see how impossible it is to talk. So much does the tongue have to do with making voice that people sometimes speak as if it were the only organ used for that purpose.

The very words we use are often called *tongue*, as when we say "Hans's mother tongue is German," meaning that German is spoken in his mother country.

We say "John uses bad language," meaning that he speaks words that he ought not to speak. Or we say that "Henry's language is correct," meaning that he uses the words that he should use. But language means the same thing as tongue.

So that, from this one little organ which is in our mouths, men have named all that they speak. The apostle James, in the Bible, says, "The tongue can no man tame," meaning that it is very hard for us not to say what we should not.

We study language, or the tongue, in school more than any other branch, because it is necessary for us to be able to use some language in order to express our thoughts to one another. You know that language is one of the gifts that people have which beasts do not have; for, though beasts have tongues, they cannot use them to pronounce words. So you need to have very great respect for your tongue. Use it so as not to disgrace it.

XIV. THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

WHAT language do you speak? Most of us speak the English language. This means that the words we use are English words. This book is written in the English language. Most of the books that we use in school, or that we shall read, are written in the same language.

The English language is spoken in England; it is the language of the English people. But it is spoken in many other countries besides England, as in America and Australia. Can you tell why we in America speak the language that is spoken in England rather than that which is spoken in Germany or France, or rather than a language of our own?

As you probably know, when Columbus discovered America, he found here savages like the Indians of our Western plains. They had their own language, but it was a savage tongue. In time, many people came from the different countries of Europe, — from England and Ireland, from France and Spain, from Italy and Germany, and from many other lands, to live in this new country which Columbus had discovered.

They all spoke the languages of the different countries from which they came; and so, for a long time, the Spanish language was spoken in one part of what is now the United States, the French in another, and the English language in still another.

But, after a while, the French and the English colonists had a war, in which the English were successful; so their language was made that of all the country which they owned. Besides, most of the people who fought against England in the war of the Revolution were themselves English, and spoke the English language.

So that the thirteen colonies of the new country, when they became the United States, all spoke the English language; and when, later, that portion of the country where Spanish was spoken became part of the United States, the English speech became the language of these people also.

In this way English came to be the language which

we speak ; and now, even if the Germans, or French, or Spaniards come to this country, they cannot get along with their mother tongue ; they must learn the English language, because nearly everybody here speaks it, and they cannot do business without it.

Did you ever wonder how the English language came to be spoken in England ? Well, that is another story. You will learn all about it some day. I will tell you just a little now. Years and years ago, in the country that is now England, but which was then called Britain, there lived a people who were almost as wild and savage as our Indians. They spoke a strange tongue, of which you could not understand a word if you were to hear it.

By and by, an army of soldiers came by sea from Rome, in Italy. That country you can find on your maps, away down on the Mediterranean Sea. These soldiers made war on the poor savages, and conquered many of them ; but they could not conquer them all, nor could they conquer their language.

After a time the Romans went away, and still the people of Britain spoke their strange language. Then, many years after, another army came across the sea from Denmark, and conquered the poor savages ; but even they could not conquer their language. The people of Britain still spoke as they had spoken before.

Still later, another people living in the North of Europe, in what is now a part of the German Em-

pire, learned of the beautiful island across the sea, and wanted it. So they came in their war ships, thousand and thousands of them, and made war upon the people living in Britain.

These new comers were themselves savages, — wild, and fierce, and brave. They were strong, and fond of the sea. They had fair complexions, and long yellow hair which hung down upon their shoulders, and were very fierce to look upon.

When they conquered the people of Britain, they settled down and made for themselves homes there, and their language became the language of all the people of the island except a few, some of whom went over to Ireland, but more to the mountainous region of Wales. The language of the Welsh to-day is said to be that which the early savages of Britain spoke.

These strangers from the North of Europe were called Angles, and from their name the name England (Angle-land) comes. So this is the way the English language began. But if some of those barbarian warriors could come here into your schoolroom and speak to you, you would not know that they were talking English. Their language would sound very differently from that which you speak. They would use many words which you do not use; they would not speak many words which you do use now; and the English words that they used they would pronounce very differently from our present way. Be-

cause, although their language became English, it was, after all, only the beginning of the language. Many, many words have been added to it from other languages since.

So that the English language which we speak is really made up of words from many languages, and that is one reason why it is spoken in more and more places every year; and is also the reason why many people believe that at some time the English language will be that of the world.

For many years after the Angles came to Britain and called it Angleland, or England, there were no books written. Children did not have to study grammar, and people pronounced as they pleased. So that the English language became quite different in different parts of England.

But, by and by, people began to write books; then the printing press was invented, and books began to be printed; and people who wrote and printed books gradually came to use the same words, until, at length, a grammar was made, — so that the English language, instead of being different for different people, became one.

As the people read the books that were printed, they began to use the words that the books contained. Thus we see that books made the English language what it is. Probably the book that did more than any other toward this result was the Bible.

XV. PRINTING.

WE all read books and papers every day, and never stop to think how they are made. Every morning, thousands and thousands and thousands of newspapers are taken from the printing presses, and sent throughout the country.

Every week, many thousands of magazines, of all kinds, are sent out, and so many books are printed every year that one would have to be very good indeed in arithmetic to count them.

These books and papers are printed on great machines, — very wonderful machines, so wonderful that they almost seem to know what they are doing.

The words are first set up in type, as it is called. Little pieces of metal, with letters on the ends, are arranged in great cases. Men take these and spell out the words with them, arranging them in proper order in frames.

The words so set up are placed on the printing presses, where they are covered with ink, and the sheets of paper passed over them and printed. This is all done by machinery.

In some great offices, even the type is set by machinery. There are vessels containing melted metal. The man who works the machine plays

upon keys as a typewriter does, these keys having letters printed on them. When he strikes one key a little bit of the melted metal is dropped into a mold having the proper letter formed in it.

When the metal becomes cool it is hardened into type with the letter stamped upon the end. When



AN OLD-TIME PRINTING PRESS.

enough of this type has been made to form a line, the machine puts it into the proper place, and soon the case of type is ready to be taken to the printing machine.

From this type the paper is printed, and then is folded by the machine. So rapidly is this done that many thousands of sheets can be printed in a single

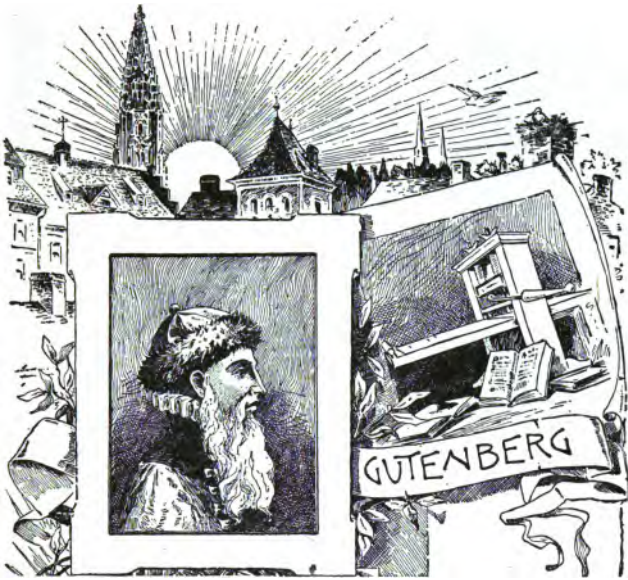
hour; so it is no wonder that books and papers are cheap and abundant.

Six hundred years ago there were no printed books in Europe, and books of any kind were very scarce. They were only to be found in a few great libraries, usually belonging to the Church, or located in some monastery. Only a few churches had even a Bible, and those churches which had one Bible often chained it down so that it could not be taken away.

It is no wonder that books were very scarce and very dear, for every one had to be written by hand. In the great universities and other places where it was necessary to have some books, there were always people whose business it was to write them by hand.

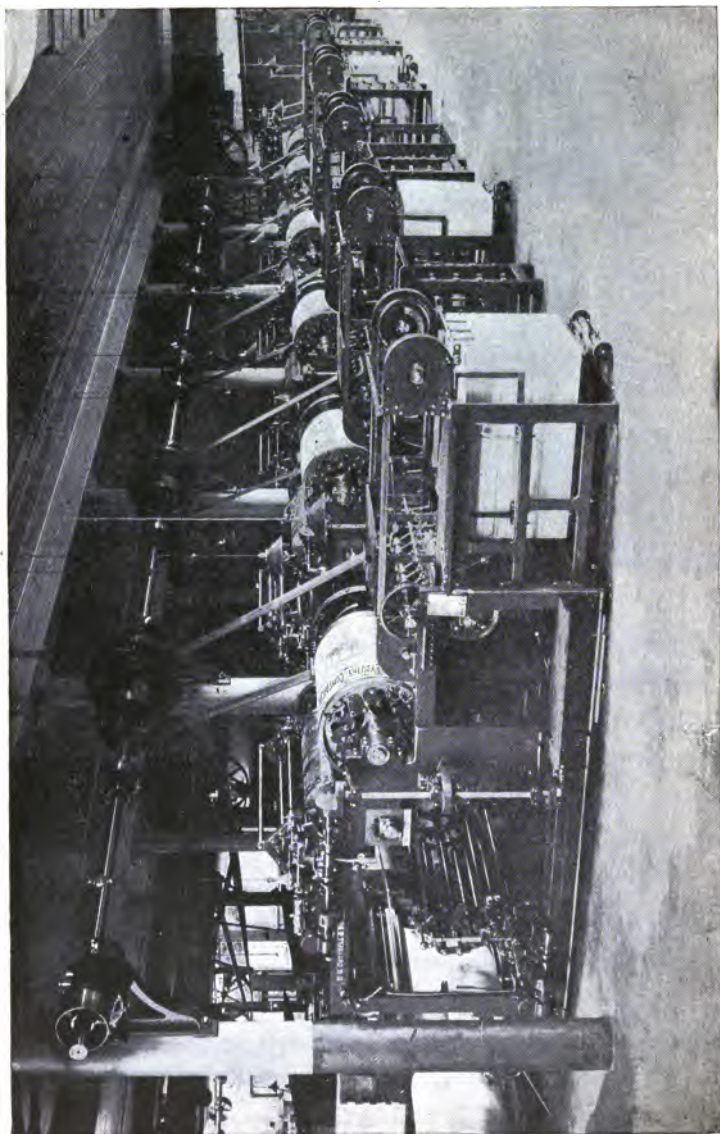
It is not known when printing from type was first invented, or who invented it. In China and Japan the art was practiced long before it was known in Europe, but people did not travel then as they do now; very few ever went to China, and nations did not learn from one another as modern nations do.

The Europeans invented the art of printing for themselves. The people of several cities claim that the first printing was done in their city, by one of their own citizens, and probably we shall never know who, in truth, was the first printer.



One story is told by the people of Haarlem, a city in Holland. They say that an old gentleman named Laurens Coster was one day walking in the woods when he picked up a smooth piece of the bark of a beech tree, and with his knife carved on it some letters. These he took home and gave to his boy as a copy. Afterward he put some ink on the letters and stamped the words he had cut upon paper.

This pleased him so much that he began to make experiments, and finally made some type of lead, and then some of zinc, and began to do printing. But one of his apprentices, who was dishonest, stole the



A MODERN PRINTING OFFICE.

old gentleman's type, and ran away to Germany; and from that man the Germans learned the art of printing. The people of Haarlem believe this story, and have put a statue of Coster in the market place. The Germans say the story is not true, but that one of their own people was the first printer.

They say that at the time when Coster is said to have been making his type in Holland, a German named Johannes¹ Gutenberg was working at the same thing in the city of Strasburg, and succeeded in making a metal type.

He had a partner, and they were bound by solemn oaths not to tell any one what they were doing; but the partner died, and his heirs sued Gutenberg in the courts, trying to compel him to tell the secrets of his new art. Gutenberg won his case, but during the trial it became known that he had been working at a new method of making cheap books.

Gutenberg spent all his money in his experiments, and finally went down the Rhine to the city of Mainz, where he interested in his work a rich man named Johann² Fust, and took him as a partner.

They had a man working for them named Schöffer, who, like Coster's apprentice, was dishonest, and told Fust they could do better without Gutenberg. So Fust took all poor Gutenberg's tools in payment for money he had lent him, and with Schöffer

¹ and ² Johannes and Johann are German for John.

as a partner began to do printing. But Gutenberg was still able to keep at his work, so there were two printing houses in Mainz.

The people of both Strasburg and Mainz are very proud of the fact that Gutenberg, the first printer as they say, worked in their cities, and each one has set up a statue in his honor.

A few years after Gutenberg had printed his first book in Germany, a man named William Caxton began to print books in England. He probably learned the art from the Germans.

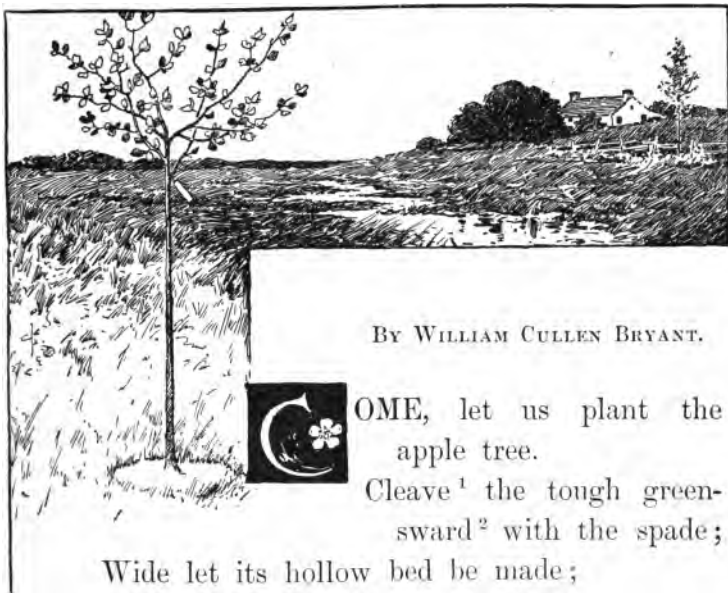
Caxton's printing office was in the famous Westminster Abbey. In one of his books, *The Life of Charles the Great*, he says: "I have specially reduced it after the simple cunning that God has left to me whereof I heartily and with all my heart thank Him, and also pray for my father's and mother's souls, that in my youth sent me to school, by which, by the sufferance of God, I get my living I hope truly."

These early printers printed books of many kinds, but chiefly Bibles and religious works.

After Caxton's death, one of his printers who continued the work said he hoped for "the happy day when a Bible should be chained in every church for every Christian man to look upon."

It would surely have made these good men very happy if they could have seen into the future, when Bibles would be sold for a few cents each.

XVI. THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.



BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



OME, let us plant the
apple tree.

Cleave¹ the tough green-
sward² with the spade ;

Wide let its hollow bed be made ;

There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold³ with kindly care,

And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet ;

So plant we the apple tree.

¹ cleave, cut apart.

² green'sward, grassy lawn or field.

³ mold, soil ; earth.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.



What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
The winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's¹ vine,
And golden orange of the
line,²

The fruit of the apple
tree.



The fruitage of this apple
tree,
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew ;
And sojourners³ beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush of roseate⁴ bloom,
A deeper maze⁵ of verdurous⁶ gloom,

¹ Cin'tra, a town in Portugal.

² "the line," the equator.

³ so'journ-ers, dwellers.

⁴ ro'se-ate, rose-colored.

⁵ maze, a tangled mass.

⁶ ver'dur-ous, leafy.

And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:

"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'T is said he made some quaint¹ old rhymes
On planting the apple tree."

¹ quaint, queer.

XVII. THE SONG OF THE SOWER.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



THE maples redden in the sun ;
In autumn gold the beeches stand ;
Rest, faithful plow ! thy work is done
Upon the teeming¹ land.
Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly
On every breath that sweeps the sky,
The fresh dark acres furrowed lie,
And ask the sower's hand.

Loose the tired steer, and let him go
To pasture where the gentians blow ;
And we who till the grateful ground,
Fling we the golden shower around.

Fling wide the generous grain ; we fling
O'er the dark mold the green of spring.
For thick the emerald² blades shall grow
When first the March winds melt the snow,
And to the sleeping flowers below
The early bluebirds sing.

Fling wide the grain ; we give the fields
The ears that nod in summer gale,

¹ teem'ing, fruitful.² em'er-ald, green.



J. F. MILLET.

THE SOWER.

The shining stems that summer gilds,
The harvest that o'erflows the vale,
And swells, an amber¹ sea, between
The full-leaved woods—its shores of green.

Hark! from the murmuring clods I hear
Glad voices of the coming year,—
The song of him who binds the grain,
The shout of those that load the wain,²
And from the distant grange there comes
The clatter of the thresher's flail,³
And steadily the millstone hums
Down in the willowy⁴ vale.⁵

And strew⁶ with free and joyous sweep
The seed upon the expecting soil,
For hence the plenteous year shall heap
The garners⁷ of the men who toil.
Strew the bright seed for those who tear
The matted sward⁸ with spade and share;
And those whose sounding axes gleam
Beside the lonely forest stream
Till its broad banks lie bare;

¹ am'ber, yellow.

² wain, wagon.

³ flail, a rude instrument, consisting of two sticks fastened together loosely at one end, which farmers formerly used for beating out grain.

⁴ wil'low-y, covered with willow trees.

⁵ vale, valley.

⁶ strew, scatter.

⁷ garners, storehouses or granaries.

⁸ sward, grassy surface.

And him who breaks the quarry ledge
With hammer blows plied¹ quick and strong,
And him who with the steady sledge
Smites the shrill anvil all day long.

Sprinkle the furrow's even trace
For those whose toiling hands uprear
The roof-trees of our swarming race,
By grove and plain, by stream and mere;
Who forth, from crowded city, lead
The lengthening street, and overlay
Green orchard-plot and grassy mead
With pavement of the murmuring way.
Cast with full hands, the harvest cast,
For the brave men that climb the mast,
When to the billow and the blast
It swings and stoops, with fearful strain,
And bind the fluttering mainsail fast,
Till the tossed bark shall sit again
Safe as a sea-bird on the main.²

Fling wide the grain for those who throw
The clanking shuttle³ to and fro,
In the long row of humming rooms,
And into ponderous⁴ masses wind

¹ plied, struck repeatedly.

² main, the open sea.

³ "those who throw the clanking shuttle," the weavers in great factories.

⁴ pon'der-ous, very heavy.

The web that, from a thousand looms,
Comes forth to clothe mankind.
Strew, with free sweep, the grain for them,
By whom the busy thread
Along the garment's even hem
And winding seam is led;
A pallid¹ sisterhood, that keep
The lonely lamp alight,
In strife with weariness and sleep,
Beyond the middle night:
Large part be theirs in what the year
Shall ripen for the reaper here.

Still, strew, with joyous hand, the wheat
On the soft mold beneath our feet,
For even now I seem
To hear a sound that lightly rings
From murmuring harp and viol's² strings,
As in a summer dream.

Scatter the wheat for shipwrecked men,
Who, hunger-worn, rejoice again
In the sweet safety of the shore,
And wanderers, lost in woodlands drear,
Whose pulses bound with joy to hear
The herd's light bell once more.

¹ pal'id, pale.

² vi'ol, a violin.

Freely the golden spray be shed
For him whose heart, when night comes down
On the close alleys of the town,
Is faint for lack of bread.
In chill roof-chambers, bleak and bare,
Or the damp cellar's stifling air,
She who now sees, in mute despair,
Her children pine for food,
Shall feel the dews of gladness start
To lids long tearless, and shall part
The sweet loaf with a grateful heart,
Among her thin pale brood.
Dear, kindly Earth, whose breast we till!
Oh, for thy famished children, fill,
Where'er the sower walks,
Fill the rich ears that shade the mold
With grain for grain, a hundredfold,
To bend the sturdy stalks!

Strew silently the fruitful seed,
As softly o'er the tilth¹ ye tread,
For hands that delicately knead
The consecrated² bread —
The mystic³ loaf that crowns the board,
When, round the table of their Lord,

¹ tilth, tilled ground.

² con'se-crat-ed, sacred; blessed.

³ mys'tic, having hidden meaning.

Within a thousand temples set,
In memory of the bitter death
Of Him who taught at Nazareth,
His followers are met,
And thoughtful eyes with tears are wet,
As of the Holy One they think,
The glory of whose rising yet
Makes bright the grave's mysterious¹ brink.

Brethren, the sower's task is done.
The seed is in its winter bed.
Now let the dark-brown mold be spread,
To hide it from the sun,
And leave it to the kindly care
Of the still earth and brooding air,
As when the mother, from her breast,
Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,
And shades its eyes, and waits to see
How sweet its waking smile will be.
The tempest now may smite, the sleet
All night on the drowned furrow beat,
And winds that, from the cloudy hold,
Of winter breathe the bitter cold,
Stiffen to stone the mellow mold,
Yet safe shall lie the wheat;
Till, out of heaven's unmeasured blue,

¹ mys-te'ri-ous, unknown; full of mystery.

Shall walk again the genial¹ year,
To wake with warmth and nurse with dew
The germs we lay to slumber here.

Oh, blessed harvest yet to be!

Abide thou with the Love that keeps,
In its warm bosom, tenderly,

The Life which wakes and that which sleeps.
The Love that leads the willing spheres²
Along the unending track of years,
And watches o'er the sparrow's nest,
Shall brood above thy winter rest,
And raise thee from the dust, to hold

Light whisperings with the winds of May,
And fill thy spikes with living gold,

From summer's yellow ray;
Then, as thy garners give thee forth,
On what glad errands shalt thou go,
Wherever o'er the waiting earth,

Roads wind and rivers flow!
The ancient East shall welcome thee
To mighty marts³ beyond the sea,
And they who dwell where palm-groves sound
To summer winds the whole year round,
Shall watch, in gladness, from the shore,
The sails that bring thy glistening store.

¹ **gen'ial**, pleasant.

² **spheres**, referring to the stars and planets.

³ **marts**, ports of commerce.

XVIII. ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

FROM "ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS."

CHAPTER I.

IN a great city in China lived a poor tailor and his wife, with their only son, Aladdin. The father dying suddenly, his family had nothing to live upon



but what little the poor woman earned by spinning cotton.

One day while Aladdin was playing with other boys, a stranger, passing by, stood still and looked at him for a long time.

This stranger was a great magician,¹ who had just come from Africa. After gazing a long time at Aladdin, he took him by the arm and led him to one side, where his playmates could not hear, and said to him, "Child, was not your father a tailor called Mustapha?"

"Yes," said Aladdin, "but he has been dead a long time."

At this, the magician threw his arms around Aladdin's neck and kissed him, with tears in his eyes.

"Why do you weep?" said Aladdin. "Alas!" cried the magician, "how can I forbear?² I am your uncle; your father was my brother; I have been traveling abroad for many years, and am now come home hoping to see him, and you tell me he is dead. How can I keep from weeping? But it is a joy to see you so like him."

Then he asked Aladdin where his mother lived, gave him some money, and said, "Go, my son, to your mother, give my love to her, and tell her that I will come and see her to-morrow." Saying this he went away, and Aladdin ran home to his mother, delighted with the money his uncle had given him.

"Mother," said he, "have I an uncle?"

¹ **ma-gi'cian** (-shun), one who works wonders that others cannot understand.

² **for-bear'**, refrain; keep from it.

"No, child," said his mother, "you have no uncle."

"But," said Aladdin, "I met a man this morning who says he is my uncle, my father's brother; he cried and kissed me when I told him that my father was dead. And here is some money he gave me; he told me to give it to you with his love, and said he would come and see you to-morrow."

The poor woman did not know what to make of this, but was very glad indeed to get the money.

The next day the magician came, as he had promised, to see Aladdin's mother. He brought her many presents, wept with her over the memory of his brother, and made a long visit. He told her that the reason she had never known him was that he had been for forty years traveling.

Then he called Aladdin and asked him his name. "I am called Aladdin," said he. "Well, Aladdin," said the magician, "what is your business? Have you a trade?"

Aladdin was ashamed, and did not answer; but his mother answered for him that he had no trade, and that, besides, he was very idle and did not help her.

"This is not well," the magician answered. "You must try and help yourself, and make your own living; if you do not like a trade, I will set you up in business as a merchant, and you can buy and sell goods as an honorable man."

This offer pleased Aladdin, for he did not like to work, and he thought that to be a merchant and sell goods was the finest thing in the world. So he told the magician that he was sure he would succeed as a merchant, and would thank his good uncle all his life for giving him a chance.

The next day the magician came and took Aladdin with him to a great merchant, and asked to see some suits of clothes, and told Aladdin to pick out the finest one, the one he liked the best. You may be sure that Aladdin did not wait long, and soon left the store looking like a very different boy from the one who had entered a little while before.

When he saw himself so handsomely dressed from head to foot, he could not find words enough to express his gratitude¹ to his kind uncle, and thanked him over and over again. The uncle, too, promised never to forsake² him.

Then he led him into the streets where were the finest shops, and where he met the great merchants; for his uncle said, "If you are to be a merchant, you must become acquainted with these men, and learn their ways of doing business."

He showed him the richest mosques,³ and the palace of the King, and at last brought him to his own inn.⁴

¹ grat'-i-tude, thankfulness.

² for-sake', leave alone.

³ mosques (mosks), temples.

⁴ inn, hotel.

There he met many more merchants who were also stopping there, and the magician gave them all a great feast.

This lasted until night, and then he took Aladdin home to his mother, who was delighted and astonished at the boy's fine appearance.¹

"To-morrow," said the magician, "will be Friday, and the shops will be closed; but on Saturday I will hire for him the shop that I promised him, and fit him out as a merchant. To-morrow I will come and take him out to walk, so that he can see the lovely gardens that are all about the city, and the fine houses where the rich dwell. When Aladdin has become a great merchant, you yourselves may live in one of these."

CHAPTER II.

TRUE to his word, in the morning the magician came and took Aladdin out through one of the gates of the city, and showed him beautiful palaces and gardens; and he led him on, and on, and on, showing him now a beautiful house and now a garden full of flowers, until he was far in the country.

By and by they sat down by a fountain of clear water, which fell through the mouth of a brazen lion into a great basin. There the magician took

¹ ap-pear'-ance looks.

out a delicious¹ lunch of fruit and cake, and gave Aladdin all he wanted to eat.

After eating, they arose again and went on into the country, through more beautiful gardens and by more fine houses, — on, and on, and on, until poor Aladdin was so tired that he could hardly walk.

Then he began to be a little frightened, and said to the magician, “Where are we going, uncle? We have left the gardens behind us, and I see nothing but mountains now; how can I ever get back to the town?”

“Never fear, nephew,” said the false uncle; “I will show you still another garden, more beautiful than all we have yet seen, and you will be very glad that you have come so far.” So on they went again.

Finally² they came to a valley between two mountains. “Now,” said the magician, “we will stop, and I will show you something which you never saw, nor even hoped to see; but first gather some sticks, and I will kindle a fire.”

Soon they had a bright fire, and when the blaze was brightest the magician threw a powder into it which made a great cloud of smoke; then he uttered some magical³ words, the earth trembled, and, just before Aladdin and the magician, it opened and

¹ **de-li'ci-ous** (-shus), good to eat.

² **fi'nal-ly**, at last.

³ **mag'ic-al**, having a secret meaning.

showed a stone about a half yard square, with a brass ring in the middle of it.

Aladdin was so frightened at what he saw that he would have run away; but the magician caught him, scolded him, and gave him such a box on the ear that it knocked him down.

Poor Aladdin got up again trembling, and with tears in his eyes said to the magician, "O my uncle! what have I done to be treated in this way?"

"I have good reason for it," said the magician; "I am your uncle, and take the place of your father, and you must do as I say. But," he added more gently, "do not be frightened; I only want you to obey me, that you may get the great riches I am planning for you to have."



Finally Aladdin stopped crying, and his uncle said, "You saw what I did with my incense¹ powder, and you heard the magical words I used; under this stone is hid a treasure which is to be yours, and which will make you richer than the greatest king in the world. But no other person than yourself is allowed to touch this stone, nor is able to lift it up and go down into the earth beneath it; so you must do exactly as I tell you."

Aladdin was amazed² and delighted at what he saw, and at what the magician said of the great treasure; and he forgot the unkind blow, and said, "Well, uncle, what do you wish me to do? I am ready to obey you."

His uncle replied, "Take hold of the ring, and lift up that stone."

"Indeed, uncle," said Aladdin, "I am not strong enough to lift it; you must help me."

"No, you must do it alone," said the magician; "if I touch it, the spell will be broken, and we can do nothing. But you can do it; take hold of the ring, pronounce the names of your father and your grandfather, and then lift, and you will find that it will come easily."

Aladdin did as the magician bade him, and, behold, the stone, great as it was, almost raised itself as he

¹ in'cense, fragrant smoke from a sacred fire.

² a-mazed', filled with wonder.

touched the ring, so that he lifted it easily. Then, beneath the stone appeared a pit three or four feet deep, with a little door at the bottom, and stairs to go down farther.

You may guess Aladdin's wonder. The magician then said, "Listen, my son, very closely to what I say to you! Go down into that cave, and when you are at the bottom of the stairs you will find a door open, which will let you into a great underground building divided into three vast halls. In each of these halls you will find four large brass vessels placed on each side, but be careful not to touch them. Before you go into the first hall, be sure that you take up your gown and wrap it well about you, and then go through the second into the third without stopping; above all, be very careful not to touch the walls even with your clothes, for if you do you will instantly¹ die.

"At the end of the third hall you will find a door; go through it into the garden, where you will see trees loaded with fruit. Walk straight through the garden by a path which will lead you to five steps; these will bring you out upon a terrace,² where you will see a niche³ before you, and in that niche a lighted lamp. Take the lamp, put it in your bosom,

¹ in'stant-ly, at once.

² ter'race, banks of earth one above another.

³ niche, a little hollow, usually in a wall.

and bring it to me. If you desire any of the fruit growing on any of the trees in the garden, gather all you please.”

The magician said these words, then drew off a ring from his finger and put it upon Aladdin's, telling him it would preserve¹ him from all evil so long as he obeyed what had been told him. “Then,” said he, “go down boldly, child, and we shall both be rich all our lives.”

CHAPTER III.

ALADDIN leaped into the pit, walked carefully down the steps, and found the three halls just as the African magician had said. He went through them, crossed the garden, found the lamp of which the magician had told him, and put it in his bosom, being very careful to do just as he had been directed, for he feared death if he disobeyed in the least.

As he came down from the terrace, he stopped in the garden and looked about him. All the trees were loaded with the most wonderful fruit of different colors, — some white, some clear and transparent² as crystal, some red, some green, blue, and purple, others yellow; indeed, there was fruit of all colors.

The white were pearls; the clear and transparent, diamonds; the red, rubies; the blue, turquoises; the

¹ pre-serve', keep.

² trans-par'ent, that can be seen through, as glass.

green, emeralds; the purple, amethysts; the yellow, sapphires; all were precious stones. These fruits were so large and beautiful that Aladdin had never seen anything like them, although he did not know their value, and would have preferred¹ figs or grapes. But he was so pleased with the beauty and the size of the fruit that he gathered all he could. He filled his two pockets, and the two purses that his uncle had bought for him. He wrapped up as many as he could in the skirt of his gown, which was large and loose, and he crammed the bosom of the gown as full as possible.

Having thus loaded himself with a fortune, though he did not know it, he returned through the three halls with the same care that he had shown in entering, and, making all the haste he could, he soon arrived at the mouth of the cave, where the African magician was waiting for him with the greatest impatience.

As soon as Aladdin saw him he cried out, "Pray, uncle, lend me your hand to help me out."

"First give me the lamp," said the magician; "it will be in your way."

"Indeed, uncle," answered Aladdin, "I cannot now; my hands are full, and it is not in my way. It is safe in my bosom; as soon as I am up I will give it to you."

¹ pre-ferred', liked better.

The magician was so obstinate¹ that he would not help him up until he had the lamp, and Aladdin, who did not want to lose his precious fruit, refused to give the lamp until he was out of the cave.

Finally, the magician, provoked at the boy's refusal, fell into a passion and threw some of the incense which he had used before into the fire, pronouncing² two magical words. At once the stone which had closed the mouth of the cave moved back into its place, with the earth upon it, just as it was when Aladdin and his uncle arrived, and poor Aladdin was left buried in the dark cave.

This deed of the African magician showed that he was not Aladdin's uncle, as he had claimed to be, but merely a wicked magician who had used Aladdin to get the wonderful lamp, and who intended then to leave him to his own fate.

He had from his youth studied magic and read magical books, from which he had found out that there was in the world a wonderful lamp which would make its owner more powerful than any monarch³ on the earth, and lately he had learned that it was in this cave, in Aladdin's city in China. And he also knew that he would not himself be allowed to take it, or to enter the cave where it stood, but must receive it from the hands of another person.

¹ ob'sti-nate, unwilling to give up. ² pro-nounc'ing, speaking.

³ mon'arch, ruler; king.

For this reason he took Aladdin and pretended¹ to be his uncle, and led him out into the country to the mouth of the cave, and sent him down into the pit, intending, as soon as he had the lamp in his own hands, that Aladdin should never see him again. But his anger and haste ruined all his plans, and lost to him both Aladdin and the lamp.

When the African magician saw that all his great hopes were destroyed by his own folly, he returned at once to Africa. Poor Aladdin was left in the dark cave, underneath the ground.

Imagine² his feelings if you can. He called aloud to his uncle, saying he would give him the lamp if he would only let him out, but all in vain; no one could hear his cries.

Then he went down the steps, thinking he would go back into the garden, but the door to the garden was shut.

For two days he lay in this dark hole, with nothing to eat or to drink, thinking that he should never see the light again.

Finally he clasped his hands, and said, "There is no strength or power but in the great and high God."

As he clasped his hands, by accident³ he rubbed the ring which the magician had put upon his finger, and

¹ pre-tend'ed, made believe. ² im-ag'ine, think of.

³ ac-ci-dent, chance; something not intended.

at once, to his surprise, a frightful looking genie¹ rose out of the earth, and said to him, "What wouldst thou have with me? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, as I am bound to be the slave of any one who wears the ring that is upon thy finger, and there are many other slaves of the ring."

At any other time Aladdin would have been terribly frightened at the sight of this monstrous genie, but now he merely said, "Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place, if thou art able."

As he spoke the earth opened, and he found himself in the bright sunlight, upon the very spot to which the magician had first brought him.

CHAPTER IV.

AS soon as Aladdin's eyes became used to the light so that he could see, he noticed that he was really quite near to the city, and that the magician had deceived him by leading him a long distance round about.

He hurried to his mother's house, and fell upon the doorstep faint with hunger. His mother, who had given him up for lost, received him with great joy.

After he had rested and eaten, he told her all that had happened to him, and showed her the

¹ *ge'-nie*, an imaginary being who was supposed to be able to appear in different forms, and to have great power. They are usually described as being very ugly to look upon.

wonderful fruit he had gathered from the trees in the garden. But she had always been a poor woman, and had never owned any jewels, so she did not know the value of the precious stones any more than did Aladdin; she merely thought them pretty things. So Aladdin put them behind the cushion on the sofa where he was sitting and went to bed.

In the morning his mother said to him, "Alas, my child, I have not a bit of bread for you to eat, but I have a little cotton which I have spun; wait here, and I will go and sell it and buy some food."

"Keep your cotton, mother," said Aladdin. "I will go out and sell this lamp which I found in the cave."

"Very well," said his mother; "but first I will clean it,—it is very dirty."

No sooner had she begun to rub it than a frightful genie of monstrous size appeared before her, and said, in a voice like thunder, "What wouldst thou with me? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and am the slave of all those who have that lamp, and there are many other slaves of the lamp."

Aladdin's mother was so frightened at the sight of the genie and at his terrible voice that she fainted away; but Aladdin, who had seen such a being before in the cave, took the lamp out of his mother's hands, and said to the genie boldly, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat."

The genie disappeared,¹ and in an instant returned with a large silver basin on his head, and with twelve silver plates, all containing² food, with silver cups to drink from; these he placed upon the table and was gone.

Then Aladdin dashed some water into his mother's face and restored³ her, and when she arose said, "Do not be frightened, mother, but come with me and eat; this food will strengthen you." She could not understand how the food came to be there, but, after eating, Aladdin told her about the genie of the lamp.

On this food they lived for many days; and when it was gone Aladdin took the silver dishes, one by one, and sold them to a pawnbroker; and although he was cheated, and got much less than they were worth, they still had enough to live on for a long time.

When this money was all spent, Aladdin again rubbed the lamp and called upon his genie, who again supplied them with silver dishes and food; and he and his mother might have gone on living in that way until this time had not something happened which Aladdin did not expect.

He had never seen any woman's face but his mother's, — for the women of that country cover their

¹ dis-ap-peared', went out of sight. ² con-tain'-ing, holding.

³ re-stored', brought to her senses.

faces with veils when they go out,—but one day he chanced¹ to see the King's daughter, the Princess Badroulboudour, with the veil removed from her face. She was very beautiful, and Aladdin loved her at once.

After a time he said to his mother that he had seen a beautiful princess and loved her, and that she must go and ask the King to give her to him in marriage.

You may well imagine that the poor woman was astonished at this request. How could she ask the King to give his daughter in marriage to her son? "Child," said she, "you are beside yourself." But he urged her and urged her.

Finally she said, "I cannot go, because we have no present fine enough to give the King." But Aladdin was wiser than when he was taken by the magician to the cave. He had talked to a jeweler when he was selling his silver plate, and he had found that the fruit which he had picked from the underground garden was not made of colored glass, but that each piece was a precious stone of the most wonderful value. So he said to his mother, "Take these to the King, and I am sure he will listen;" and he filled a large porcelain dish with the wonderful jewels.

Aladdin's mother did not know the value of the

¹ chanced, happened.

gift, but still consented¹ to go, though she did not believe that she could possibly succeed; at which I do not wonder, do you? But Aladdin encouraged her, and said that the lamp upon which they had lived so long would help them. "But be sure," he said, "not to tell any one the secret of the lamp."

The first day she went to the King's palace she waited a long time, but was not able to present her gift; and so for several days, until both she and Aladdin began to lose heart.

But one day after the council had gone, and the King had retired to his rooms, he said to the Grand Vizier,² who was his chief adviser, "I have noticed for several days a woman carrying something wrapped up in a napkin, who has stood in the throng³ before the council. If she comes again call her, that I may hear what she has to say."

So the next day when the council was called, the Vizier took Aladdin's mother the very first of all, and led her to the King. She had watched others salute the King, so she knew what to do. She bowed her head down to the carpet that covered the steps before the throne, and did not move until the King bade her rise. Then he said to her, "Good woman, what brings you here?"

At these words Aladdin's mother bowed to the

¹ con-sent'-ed, yielded; agreed.

³ throng, crowd.

² viz'-i-er (yer), an officer of the king.

ground a second time, and then said, "Monarch of monarchs, before I tell your awful Majesty the strange business that brings me here before your royal throne, I beg that you will pardon the boldness of the request that I am about to make."

The King then ordered every one to go out except the Grand Vizier. He then assured¹ the poor woman of his pardon, whatever she might ask, and told her to speak. She then told him of her son's love for the royal princess, Badroulboudour, and his request for her in marriage. The King was indeed astonished, but showed no anger, and asked her what she had in her napkin.

She took the porcelain dish, untied the napkin from around it, and gave it to the King. No words can express his astonishment² when he saw so many jewels, the finest that his eyes had ever rested upon, and he cried out, "How rich and beautiful!" and turning to the Grand Vizier he said, "Look upon these, and confess that your eyes have never beheld anything so rich and beautiful. Is not this present worthy of the Princess, my daughter? Ought I not to give her to the one who values her so highly?"

At these words the Vizier became very unhappy, for he had hoped that his own son would marry

¹ as-sured', promised; gave encouragement.

² as-ton'-ish-ment, wonder; surprise.

the Princess; so he said, "I cannot deny that the present is worthy of the Princess, but I beg you to grant me three months' time, in which I hope to procure¹ for you a present equally rich for my son."

The King granted him the request, and turning to Aladdin's mother said, "Good woman, go home and tell your son that I must think this matter over. After three months come to me again, and I will give you my answer."

CHAPTER V.

ON the first day of the fourth month Aladdin said to his mother, "I pray you, go to the King and ask him once more for his daughter's hand."

As soon as the King saw Aladdin's mother standing in the throng before the council,² he said to the Vizier, "I see the good woman who made me the noble present of precious stones some months ago; let her come before my presence at once."

When Aladdin's mother came before the royal throne, she bowed herself to the ground. When she arose she said, "Your Majesty, I have come in the name of my son Aladdin, to remind you that the three months have passed, and to ask you for the hand of the beautiful Princess Badroulboudour."

¹ *pro-cure'*, get.

² *coun'cil*, company of advisers.

At this the King was greatly troubled, for as Aladdin's mother was very meanly dressed and not at all attractive,¹ he could not believe that her son could be such a person as the fair and radiant² Princess would be willing to marry; so he asked the Vizier how he might avoid³ this marriage without giving offense. The Vizier replied, "There is one way, your Majesty. Make such a demand upon him as a price for your daughter's hand that he will be unable to meet it."

This advice pleased the King, and, turning to Aladdin's mother, he said, "My good woman, upon one condition will I give the Princess to your son in marriage. You know that the custom of our land requires that he who would lead in marriage a damsel must bring a present worthy of her. Now my daughter is a princess; and, besides, I love her very dearly, and think her worthy of a nobler gift than was ever given to any bride before, and only he can have her who brings such a gift.

"What I require is this: he must bring me forty basins of solid gold, full of such gems as you brought me at first, carried by forty black slaves who shall be led by forty young and handsome white slaves,—all in the richest dress. If he brings me this gift, I will bestow my daughter's hand upon him."

¹ *at-tract'-ive*, pleasant to look at. ² *ra'-di-ant*, shining; beautiful.

³ *a-void'*, escape; get rid of.

Aladdin's mother bowed to the ground before the King, and hurried home to her son, and at once told him the story of her visit. Then she said, "The King wants your answer at once, but I think he may wait a long time."

"Not so long as you think, mother," said Aladdin. "Does his demand seem large? It is very easy for me. Let us have dinner."

While Aladdin's mother was getting dinner, he went into his own room, took down his wonderful lamp and rubbed it. The genie appeared as usual. Aladdin told him of the King's demand, and said to him, "Go, fetch me this present as soon as possible."

The genie at once disappeared, and almost before Aladdin knew that he was gone he was back again, and with all that the King asked. There were the forty white slaves, each leading a black slave, who carried on his head a basin of gold full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, all richer and more beautiful than those which Aladdin had picked in the magician's garden.

Aladdin at once asked his mother to take this gift to the King. As the procession¹ went through the streets, all looked at it with wonder. The slaves were so richly dressed that they were taken for princes themselves, and the porter² at the King's palace was

¹ **pro-ces'-sion** (shun), company marching in order.

² **por'-ter**, gatekeeper.

about to kiss the hem of the leader's robe, but he said, "We are only slaves ourselves; our master will come later." Then they all went before the King, bowed to the ground, and touched the carpet with their foreheads; and then the black slaves uncovered the basins, and stood humbly before the King.

Aladdin's mother now stepped forward to the foot of the throne, and said, "Your Majesty, my son Aladdin sends this gift, conscious¹ that it is below the worth of the Princess Badroulboudour."

The King was greatly moved at these gifts, and by the modesty of Aladdin's words, and at once sent Aladdin's mother back to him with these words: "Good woman, go and tell your son that I wait to receive him with open arms, and will bestow on him without delay my daughter's hand."

She hastened home to tell Aladdin the joyful news. He then called the genie, who dressed him in beautiful raiment,² that he might appear well before the King, and added to him beauty and dignity of person. The King received him with delight, embraced him, and placed him by his side on the royal throne.

Then he made a great feast, and after it the marriage contract was drawn up. Then Aladdin asked if he might build a palace for the Princess before the marriage; the King gave him leave, whereupon he

¹ con'-scious (shus), aware; knowing.

² rai'-ment, clothes.

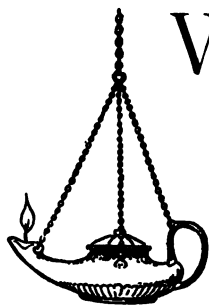
mounted a beautiful horse that the genie had brought, and went away.

He called the genie and told him to build for him the most beautiful palace that the world had ever seen. No sooner was it said than done; and in the morning when the King arose, there was this wonderful palace standing next to his own, with a carpet laid between them for the Princess to walk on.

That day the marriage took place, and when the Princess Badroulboudour was unveiled and saw Aladdin for the first time, she was charmed with his beauty and dignity, and loved him at once.

Then they went to live in the wonderful new palace, where they were very happy, and the King made Aladdin his chief counselor.¹

CHAPTER VI.



WHEN the wicked magician saw the wonderful palace, and Aladdin married to the beautiful princess, he was mad with envy, and determined² to get the lamp for himself.

So he dressed himself up as an old man selling lamps, and went crying through the streets, "Who will trade old lamps for new ones?"

¹ coun'-sel-or, adviser.

² de-ter'mined, made up his mind.

One day when Aladdin was out, the magician came beneath the window of Princess Badroulboudour, crying this strange cry. She could not tell what he was saying, and sent out a slave to listen. The slave came back laughing, and said, "He wants to give new lamps for old ones." Another slave, hearing this, said to the Princess, "I have noticed an old lamp upon a shelf in the Prince's room. I am sure he would be glad to trade it for a new one." This was Aladdin's wonderful lamp which he kept upon a shelf in his own chamber.

The Princess knew nothing about the lamp or its powers, and so told the slave to take it to the old man and get a new one. As soon as the magician had the lamp you may be very sure that he was glad, and he seized it quickly and hurried away.

At night he took it out and rubbed it, whereupon the genie appeared, saying, "What wilt thou? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave."

"I command you, then," said the magician, "to carry me and Aladdin's palace and all the people in it to the middle of Africa."

You may imagine the feelings of the Princess Badroulboudour when she awoke in the morning! When the King arose the next day and looked out of his window for his daughter's palace, he could not believe his eyes.

"Certainly," he said to himself, "I am not mis-

taken. It stood there yesterday. If it had fallen down, the stones and timbers would be lying there. What can have happened? Is it all a dream?"

He sent in haste for the Vizier, who was really pleased at this strange misfortune, for he had never liked Aladdin.

"Your Majesty," he said, "you remember I told you this was all the work of magic. This Aladdin is a sorcerer,¹ and should not be allowed to live a minute."

The King was so enraged that he sent at once to have Aladdin brought before him.

Aladdin was arrested and taken before the King, who ordered him to be put to death; but the people of the city had come to love Aladdin, because he had been very generous with them, and had given many gifts to the poor.

As soon as they learned that his life was in danger, they gathered in such an angry throng about the palace that the King did not dare to have Aladdin killed. But he cried out to him in his rage: "What have you done with my daughter? Where is the beautiful Badroulboudour, and where is her palace?"

Aladdin had not heard of his terrible loss, so he replied: "I know not, your Majesty. Are they not here?"

"Here! you wretch!" said the King; "here!

¹ sor'cer-er, a magician.

You know very well they are not here! Where have you taken them?" Aladdin insisted that he knew nothing of this strange event. "But," said he to the King, "I entreat your Majesty, grant me forty days to make my search, and if in that time I find not my beloved wife, your daughter, the beautiful Princess Badroulboudour, I will return and offer my head to satisfy your anger." The King consented.

Aladdin at once went out from the royal presence, and began his search; but nothing could he find. He went from place to place, crying, "Where is my palace? Where is my wife?"

The people thought him mad; indeed, he had almost become so when, one day, a strange accident befell¹ him. He had almost resolved² to give up his search in despair,³ and had gone down to the river to throw himself in. But the banks were slippery and he fell down. Now he still had on the wonderful ring which the magician had put on his finger, but he had forgotten this ring's wonderful power.

As he fell, however, the ring was rubbed hard on the ground. At once the genie who had appeared to him in the cave stood before him, saying "What wilt thou have? I am thy slave, and there are many other slaves of the ring, and of him who holds the ring."

¹ be-fell', happened to.

² re-solved', decided.

³ de-spair', hopelessness.

Aladdin, astonished and delighted, said, "The palace which I built for my princess is lost. I command you to take me to it, and set me down under the Princess Badroulboudour's window."

No sooner had he spoken the words than he found himself beneath the windows of his palace. In the morning, while the Princess was dressing, a maid looking from the window saw Aladdin, and told the good news to her mistress, who at once went to the window and opened it. What was her joy at seeing her husband, and his relief at seeing her well and safe!

She immediately sent down and opened a private door, by which he entered and came up to her apartment. Then she told him of all the strange things that had happened to her, beginning with her sale of the lamp to the old peddler. He at once understood that the old peddler was none other than the African magician, who now had the wonderful lamp.

Aladdin immediately formed a plan. He went out, and finding a peasant offered to change clothes with him. As Aladdin's clothes were very beautiful, the peasant was willing enough to trade. Aladdin then went to a druggist, and asked for a certain powder. After this he returned to the palace, and told the Princess what to do.

"When the magician comes," said Aladdin, "treat

him well, and invite him to dine with you. During the dinner put this powder into his cup, and see what will follow."

She did as he told her, and sent word to the magician that she would be glad to have him call upon her. When he came, she invited him to dine in her apartment. He was delighted with this change in her manner, for she had hitherto¹ treated him with scorn.

At dinner, when he was not looking, she dropped the powder into his cup of wine. Then she proposed a health. He quickly raised his cup that he might drink to her, but scarcely had he drunk when he fell backward senseless.

Aladdin, who had been hidden outside the room, rushed in, tore open the robe of the magician, and took possession of his lamp; then he rubbed it, and when the genie appeared, Aladdin commanded him to transport² them all, at once, to their own far country.

The next morning when the King arose, he looked sadly out of his window toward the place where Aladdin's palace had stood, expecting to see nothing but the vacant ground, when what was his surprise to behold the palace in all its beauty where it had been before!

So once more they were happy together, — the

¹ **hith-er-to'**, up to this time.

² **trans-port'**, carry.

King, the beautiful Princess, and Aladdin,—and lived in peace and joy for many years, until the King died.

Then Aladdin became King, and lived to a great old age, enjoying the love of Badroulboudour, and doing good to his people.

XIX. A DUTCH LULLABY.

BY EUGENE FIELD.



YNKEN, Blynken, and Nod,
one night,
Sailed off in a wooden
shoe,—
Sailed on a river of misty
light
Into a sea of dew.
“Where are you going, and
what do you wish?”

The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,”
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
“Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeard are we!”
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,—
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 't was a dream they'd
dreamed,
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three,—
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,

And the wooden shoe that sails the skies
 Is a wee one's trundle-bed ;
 So shut your eyes while Mother sings
 Of wonderful sights that be,
 And you shall see the beautiful things
 As you rock on the misty sea
 Where the old shoe rocked the fisher-
 men three,—
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

XX. KRINKEN.

BY EUGENE FIELD.



KRINKEN was a little child, —
 It was summer when he
 smiled.
 Oft the hoary¹ sea and
 grim
 Stretched its white arms out
 to him,
 Calling, "Sun-child, come to
 me ;

Let me warm my heart with thee!"
 But the child heard not the sea

¹ hoar'y, gray.

Calling, yearning¹ evermore
For the summer on the shore.

Krinken on the beach one day
Saw a maiden Nis at play;
On the pebbly beach she played
In the summer Krinken made.
Fair, and very fair, was she,
Just a little child was he.

"Krinken," said the maiden Nis,
"Let me have a little kiss, —
Just a kiss, and go with me
To the summer-lands that be
Down within the silver sea."

- Krinken was a little child —
By the maiden Nis beguiled,²
Hand in hand with her went he
And 't was summer in the sea.
And the hoary sea and grim
To its bosom folded him —
Clasped and kissed the little form,
And the ocean's heart was warm.

Now the sea calls out no more;
It is winter on the shore, —
Winter where that little child

¹ **yearn'ing**, longing; lovingly desiring.

² **be-guiled'**, led astray.

Made sweet summer when he smiled;
Though 't is summer on the sea
Where with maiden Nis went he, —
It is winter on the shore,
Winter, winter evermore.

Of the summer on the deep
Come sweet visions in my sleep:
His fair face lifts from the sea,
His dear voice calls out to me, —
These my dreams of summer be.

Krinken was a little child,
By the maiden Nis beguiled;
Oft the hoary sea and grim
Reached its longing arms to him,
Crying, "Sun-child, come to me;
Let me warm my heart with thee!"
But the sea calls out no more;
It is winter on the shore, —
Winter, cold and dark and wild.

Krinken was a little child, —
It was summer when he smiled;
Down he went into the sea,
And the winter bides¹ with me,
Just a little child was he.

¹ **bides**, stays; lives.

XXI. LULLABY TO THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FIRST FAIRY.

YOU spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus. Philomel,¹ with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby! lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

SECOND FAIRY.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spiders, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offense.

Chorus. Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;

¹ Phil'o-mel, the nightingale.



E. GRUTNER.

*"Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh:
So, good-night, with lullaby."*

Lulla, lulla, lullaby! lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

From "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

XXII. THE HISTORY OF TIP-TOP.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

PART I.

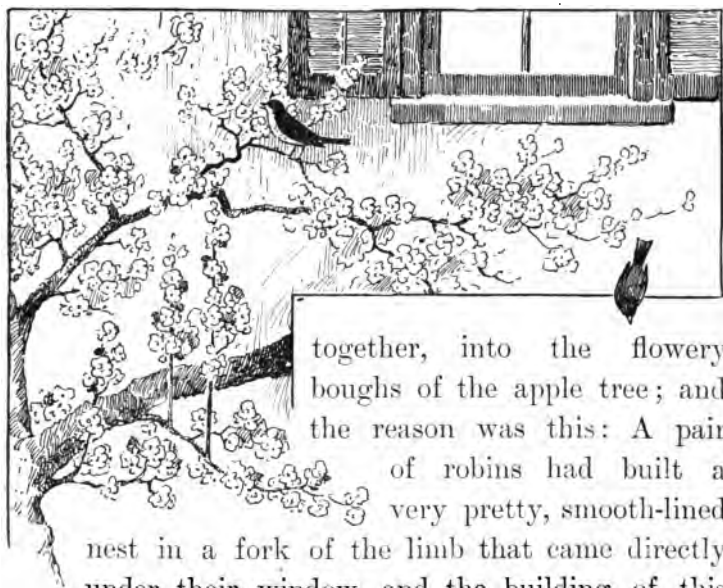
UNDER the window of a certain pretty little cottage there grew a great old apple tree, which in the spring had thousands and thousands of lovely pink blossoms on it, and in the autumn had about half as many bright red apples as it had blossoms in the spring.

The nursery of this cottage was a little bower of a room, papered with mossy-green paper and curtained with white muslin; and here five little children used to come in their white nightgowns, to be dressed and have their hair brushed and curled, every morning.

First, there were Alice and Mary, bright-eyed, laughing little girls of seven and eight years; and then came stout little Jamie and Charlie; and finally, little Puss, whose real name was Ellen, but who

was called Puss, and Pussy, and Birdie, and Toddle, and any other pet name that came to mind.

Now it used to happen every morning that the five little heads would be peeping out of the window



together, into the flowery boughs of the apple tree; and the reason was this: A pair of robins had built a very pretty, smooth-lined nest in a fork of the limb that came directly under their window, and the building of this nest had been superintended,¹ day by day, by the five pairs of bright eyes of these five children.

The robins had at first been rather shy of this inspection;² but as they got better acquainted they seemed to think no more of the little curly heads in the window than of the pink blossoms about them,

¹ su'per-in-tend'ed, watched with interest.

² in-spec'tion, examination; looking over.

or the daisies and buttercups at the foot of the tree.

All the little hands were forward to help; some threw out flossy bits of cotton,—for which, we grieve to say, Charlie had cut a hole in the crib quilt,—and some threw out bits of thread and yarn, and Alice raveled out a considerable¹ piece from her garters, which she threw out as a contribution;² and they all exulted³ in seeing the skill with which the little builders wove everything in.

“Little birds, little birds,” they would say, “you shall be kept warm, for we have given you cotton out of our crib quilt and yarn out of our stockings.” Nay, so far did this generosity⁴ proceed that Charlie cut a flossy golden curl from Toddle’s head and threw it out; and when the birds caught it up, the whole flock laughed to see Toddle’s golden hair figuring⁵ in a bird’s nest.

When the little thing was finished, it was so neat, and trim, and workman-like that the children all exulted over it and called it “our nest,” and the two robins they called “our birds.” But wonderful was the joy when the little eyes, opening one morning, saw in the nest a beautiful, pale green egg; and the joy grew from day to day, for every day there

¹ con-sid'er-a-ble, quite large. ³ ex-ult'ed, rejoiced.

² con-tri-bu'tion, gift.

⁴ gen-er-os'i-ty, willingness to give.

⁵ fig'ur-ing, appearing.

came another egg, and so on till there were five little eggs. "That makes one for each of us, and each of us will have a little bird by and by;" at which all the children laughed and jumped for glee.

When the five little eggs were all laid, the mother bird began to sit on them; and at any time of day or night, when a little head peeped out of the nursery window, might be seen a round, bright, patient pair of bird's eyes contentedly waiting for the young birds to come. It seemed a long time for the children to wait; but every day they put some bread and cake from their luncheon on the window sill, so that the birds might have something to eat; but still there she was patiently watching.

"How long, long, long, she waits!" said Jamie, impatiently. "I don't believe she's ever going to hatch."

"Oh, yes! that she is," said grave little Alice. "Jamie, you don't understand about these things; it takes a long, long time to hatch eggs. Old Sam says his hens set three weeks,—only think, almost a month."

Three weeks looked a long time to the five bright pairs of little watching eyes; but Jamie said the eggs were so much smaller than hen's eggs that it wouldn't take so long to hatch them, he knew. Jamie always thought he knew all about everything, and was so sure of it that he rather took the lead

among the children. But, one morning, when they pushed their five heads out of the window, the round, patient little bird eyes were gone, and there seemed to be nothing in the nest but a bunch of something hairy. ✓

Upon this they all cried out, "O mamma! do come here! the bird has gone and left her nest!" And when they cried out, they saw five wide little red mouths open in the nest, and saw that the hairy bunch of stuff was indeed the beginning of five little birds.

"They are dreadful-looking things," said Mary. "I did n't know that little birds began by looking so badly."

"They seem to be all mouth," said Jamie.

"We must feed them," said Charlie.

"Here, little birds, here's some gingerbread for you," he said; and he threw a bit of his gingerbread, which fortunately only hit the nest on the outside, and fell down among the buttercups, where two crickets made a meal of it, and agreed that it was as excellent gingerbread as if old Mother Cricket herself had made it.

"Take care, Charlie!" said mamma; "we do not know enough to feed young birds. We must leave it to their papa and mamma, who probably started out bright and early in the morning to get breakfast for them."

Sure enough, while they were speaking, back came Mr. and Mrs. Robin, whirring through the green boughs of the apple tree; and thereupon all the five little red mouths flew open, and the birds put something into each.

It was great amusement,¹ after this, to watch the daily feeding of the little birds, and to observe how, when not feeding them, the mother sat brooding on the nest, warming them under soft wings, while the father bird sat on the tiptop bough of the apple tree.

In time they grew and grew; and instead of a nestful of little red mouths, there was a nestful of little fat, speckled robins, with round, bright, cunning eyes just like their parents'; and the children began to talk together about their birds.

"I'm going to give my robin a name," said Mary. "I call him Brown Eyes."

"And I call mine Tip-Top," said Jamie, "because I know he'll be a tiptop bird."

"And I call mine Singer," said Alice.

"I'll call mine Toddy," said little Toddie, who would not be behindhand in anything that was going on.

"Hurrah for Toddie!" said Charlie; "hers is the best of all. For my part, I call mine Speckle."

So then the birds were all made separate characters by having each a separate name given it. Brown

¹ a-muse'ment, fun.

Eyes, Tip-Top, Singer, Toddy, and Speckle made, as they grew bigger, a very crowded nestful of birds.

Now, the children had been early taught to say in a little hymn, —

“Birds in their little nests agree,
And ’t is a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight,” —

and they thought anything really written or printed in a hymn must be true; therefore they were very much astonished to see, from day to day, that their little birds in their nest did not agree.

PART II.

TIP-TOP was the biggest and strongest bird, and he was always shuffling and crowding the others, and clamoring¹ for the most food; and when Mrs. Robin came in with a nice bit of anything, Tip-Top’s red mouth opened so wide, and he was so noisy, that one would think the nest was all his. His mother used to correct him for these gluttonous² ways, and sometimes made him wait till all the rest were helped before she gave him a mouthful; but he generally revenged himself in her absence by crowding the others and making the nest generally uncomfortable.

¹ clam’or-ing, calling noisily.

² glut’ton-ous, greedy.

Speckle, however, was a bird of spirit, and he used to peck at Tip-Top; so they would sometimes have a regular sparring match across poor Brown Eyes, who was a meek, tender little fellow, and would sit blinking and winking in fear while his big brothers quarreled. As to Toddy and Singer, they turned out to be sister birds, and showed quite a feminine¹ talent for chattering.² They used to scold their badly-behaving brothers in a way that made the nest quite lively.

On the whole, Mr. and Mrs. Robin did not find their family circle the peaceful place the poet represents.

"I say," said Tip-Top one day to them, "this old nest is a dull, crowded hole, and it's quite time some of us were out of it; just give us lessons in flying, won't you, and let us go?"

"My dear boy," said Mother Robin, "we shall teach you to fly as soon as your wings are strong enough."

"You are a very little bird," said his father, "and ought to be good and obedient, and wait patiently till your wing feathers grow; then you can soar away to some purpose."

"Wait for my wing feathers? Humbug!" Tip-Top would say, as he sat balancing, with his little tail

¹ fem'i-nine, of, or pertaining to, a woman.

² chat'ter-ing, talking noisily.

over the edge of the nest, looking down through the grass and clover heads below, and up into the blue clouds above. "Father and mother are slow old birds; keep a fellow back with their foolish notions. If they don't hurry up, I'll take matters into my claws, and be off some day before they know it. Look at those swallows, skimming and diving through the blue air. That's what I want to do."

"But, dear brother, the way to learn to do that is to be good and obedient while we are little, and wait till our parents think it best for us to begin."

"What do you girls know of flying?" said Tip-Top.

"About as much as you," said Speckle. "However, I'm sure I don't care how soon you take yourself off; for you take up more room than all the rest put together."

"O my darlings!" said the mamma, now fluttering home, "cannot I ever teach you to live in love?"

"It's all Tip-Top's fault," screamed the other birds in a flutter.

"My fault? Of course; everything that goes wrong in this nest is laid to me," said Tip-Top; "and I'll leave it to anybody, now, if I crowd anybody. I've been sitting outside on the very edge of the nest, and there's Speckle has got my place."

"Who wants your place?" said Speckle; "I'm sure you can come in if you please."

"My dear boy," said the mother, "do go into the nest, and be a good little bird, and then you will be happy."

"That's always the talk," said Tip-Top. "I'm too big for the nest, and I want to see the world. It's full of beautiful things, I know. Now, there's the most beautiful creature, with bright eyes, that comes under the tree every day, and wants me to come down in the grass and play with her."

"My son, my son, beware!" said the frightened mother; "that lovely-seeming creature is our dreadful enemy, the cat,—a horrid monster with teeth and claws."

At this all the little birds shuddered, and cuddled deeper into the nest; only Tip-Top, in his heart, disbelieved¹ it.

"I'm too old a bird," said he to himself, "to believe that story; mother is chaffing² me. But I'll show her that I can take care of myself."

So the next morning, after the father and mother were gone, Tip-Top got on the edge of the nest again, and looked over and saw lovely Miss Pussy washing her face among the daisies under the tree; and her hair was sleek and as white as the daisies, and her eyes were yellow and beautiful to behold; and she looked up to the tree bewitchingly,³ and said:

¹ **dis-be-lieved**, did not believe. ² **chaff'ing**, making fun of.

³ **be-witch'ing-ly**, cunningly.

"Little birds, little birds, come down! Pussy wants to play with you."

"Only look at her!" said Tip-Top; "her eyes are like gold."

"No, don't look," said Singer and Speckle. "She will bewitch you, and then eat you up."

"I'd like to see her try to eat me up," said Tip-Top, again balancing his short tail over the nest. "Just as if she would! She's just the nicest, most innocent creature going, and only wants us to have fun. We never do have any fun in this old nest."

Then the yellow eyes below shot a bewildering¹ light into Tip-Top's eyes, and a voice sounded sweet as silver, "Little birds, little birds, come down! Pussy wants to play with you."

"Her paws are as white as velvet," said Tip-Top; "and so soft, I do n't believe she has any claws."

"Do n't go, brother, do n't!" screamed both sisters.

All we know about it is that, a moment after, a dreadful scream was heard from the nursery window. "O mamma! do come here! Tip-Top's fallen out of the nest, and the cat has got him."

Away ran Pussy, with foolish little Tip-Top in her mouth, and he squeaked dolefully² when he felt her sharp teeth. Wicked Miss Pussy had no mind to eat him at once; she meant just as she said, to "play with him." So she ran off to a private place

¹ be-wil'der-ing, blinding; confusing.

² dole'ful-ly, sadly.

among the currant bushes, while all the little curly heads were scattered up and down looking for her.

Did you ever see a cat play with a bird or a mouse? She sets it down, and seems to go off and leave it; but the moment it makes the first movement to get away, — pounce! she springs upon it, and shakes it in her mouth; and so she teases it and tantalizes¹ it till she gets ready to kill and eat it. I can't say why she does it, except that it is a cat's nature; and it is a very foolish, bad nature for foolish young robins to get acquainted with.

"Oh, where is he? where is he? Do find my poor Tip-Top," said Jamie, crying as loud as he could scream. "I'll kill that horrid cat! I'll kill her!"

Mr. and Mrs. Robin, who had come home meantime, joined their plaintive² chirping to the general confusion; and Mrs. Robin's bright eyes soon discovered her poor little son where Pussy was patting and rolling him from one paw to the other under the currant bushes; and, settling on the bush above, she called the little folks to the spot by her cries.

Jamie plunged under the bush and caught the cat with luckless Tip-Top in her mouth; and with one or two good thumps he obliged her to let him go. Tip-Top was not dead, but in a sadly draggled³ and torn state. Some of his feathers were torn out,

¹ tan'ta-liz-es, torments.

² plaint'ive, pitiful.

³ drag'gled, ruffled; disordered.

and one of his wings was broken, and hung down in a melancholy¹ way.

“Oh, what shall we do for him? He will die. Poor Tip-Top,” said the children.

“Let’s put him back in the nest, children,” said mamma. “His mother will know best what to do with him.”

So a ladder was got, and papa climbed up and put poor Tip-Top safely into the nest. The cat had shaken all the nonsense out of him; he was a dreadfully humbled young robin.

The time came at last when all the other birds in the nest learned to fly, and they fluttered and flew about everywhere; but poor, melancholy Tip-Top was still confined to the nest with a broken wing. Finally, as it became evident that it would be long before he could fly, Jamie took him out of the nest and made a nice little cage for him, and used to feed him every day; and he would hop about, and seemed tolerably² contented; but it was evident he would be a lame-winged robin all his days.

¹ mel'an-chol-y, sad.

² tol'er-a-bly, fairly well.



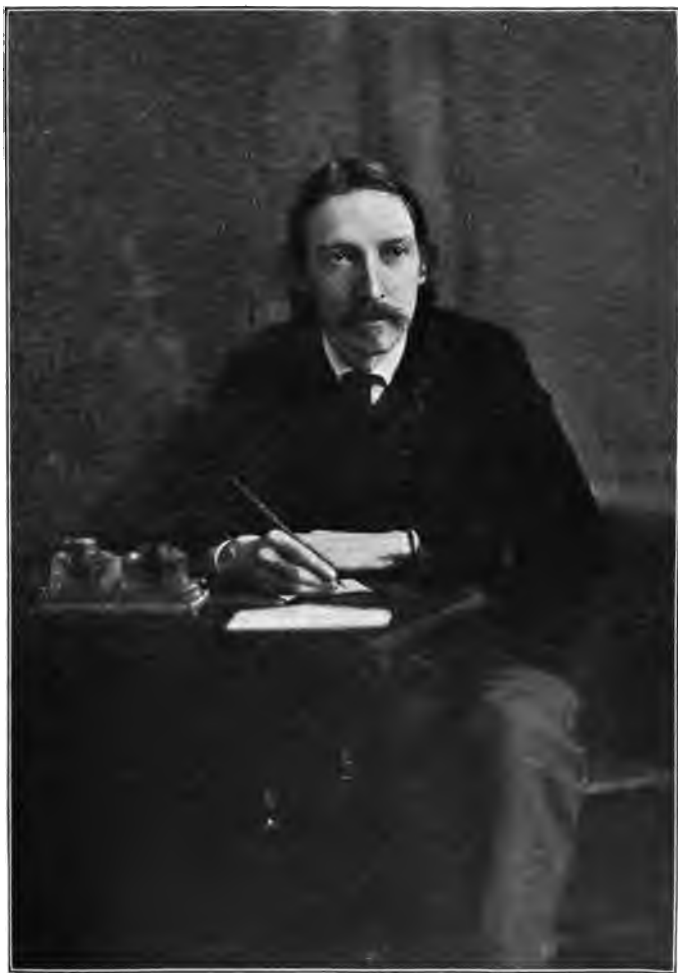
XXIII. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, though he lived to be a great man, never ceased to be a boy ; that is, his heart was always young. For most of his life he was an invalid, continually suffering pain ; yet he loved to be out of doors, loved to play with children, loved all nature, and was almost always cheerful in spite of his troubles.

His home was in Scotland, and he dearly loved it ; yet because of his poor health he had to leave most of his friends, leave his native land, and go to live on the island of Samoa, away out in the Pacific Ocean, where the people are only half civilized. But here he and his brave family built them a home, and did very much to teach the poor people of the island how to take better care of themselves, and how to live more wisely.

Mr. Stevenson wrote many books, most of them stories which boys love to read, full of adventure and life. He also wrote a number of poems, some of which are here given.

After living on the island of Samoa for several years, at last the disease which had pursued him from England mastered him, and he died ; that is, his body died ; but Stevenson will never die, so long as people read and love his books.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

XXIV. THE WIND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



SAW you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass, —
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all, —
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold!
O blower! are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!



XXV. NIGHT AND DAY.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



HEN the golden day is done,
Through the closing portal,¹
Child and garden, flower and
sun,
Vanish all things mortal.

As the blinding shadows fall,
As the rays diminish,
Under the evening's cloak they all
Roll away and vanish.
Garden darkened, daisy shut,
Child in bed, they slumber; —
Glowworm in the highway rut,
Mice among the lumber.

In the darkness houses shine,
Parents move with candles;
Till on all, the night divine
Turns the bedroom handles.
Till at last the day begins
In the east a-breaking,
In the hedges and the whins²
Sleeping birds awaking.

¹ por'tal, door or gate.² whins, thorny shrubs.

In the darkness, shapes of things —
Houses, trees, and hedges —
Clearer grow; and sparrows' wings
Beat on window ledges.
These shall wake the yawning maid;
She the door shall open, —
Finding dew on garden glade,¹
And the morning broken.

There my garden grows again
Green and rosy painted,
As at eve, behind the pane,
From my eyes it fainted.
Just as it was shut away,
Toy-like, in the even,
Here I see it glow, with day
Underglowing heaven.

Every path and every plot,
Every bush of roses,
Every blue forget-me-not,
Where the dew reposes, —
“Up!” they cry, “the day is come
On the smiling valleys:
We have beat the morning drum;
Playmate, join your allies!”²

¹ glade, an open space in a forest.

² al'lies, friends; associates.

XXVI. NEST EGGS.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



BIRDS all the sunny day
Flutter and quarrel
Here in the arbor-like
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
The brown nest is seated;
Four little blue eggs
The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,¹
Safe in each egg are the
Bird's little babies.



Soon the frail eggs they shall
Chip, and, upspringing,

¹ ga'bies, silly people.

Make all the April woods
Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,
O children! and frailer;
Soon in blue air they'll be
Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
Taller, and stronger;
We shall look down on the
Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying,
With musical speeches,
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking.



XXVII. THE WATER BABIES.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER I.



ONCE upon a time there was a little chimney sweep, and his name was Tom. That is a short name, and you have heard it before, so you will not have much trouble in remembering it. He lived in a great town in the North country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend.

He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. He had never been taught to say his prayers. He never had heard of God, or of Christ, except in words which you never have heard, and which it would have been well if he had never heard.

He cried half his time, and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rub-

bing his poor knees and elbows raw ; and when the soot got into his eyes, which it did every day in the week ; and when his master beat him, which he did every day in the week ; and when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week likewise.

And he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing half-pennies with the other boys, or playing leapfrog over the posts, or bowling stones at the horses' legs as they trotted by ; which last was excellent fun, when there was a wall at hand behind which to hide.

As for chimney sweeping, and being hungry, and being beaten, he took all that for the way of the world, like the rain and snow and thunder, and stood manfully with his back to it till it was over, as his old donkey did to a hailstorm ; and then shook his ears and was as jolly as ever ; and thought of the fine times coming, when he would be a man, and a master-sweep, and sit in the public house with a quart of beer and a long pipe, and play cards for silver money, and wear velveteens and ankle-jacks, and keep a white bull-dog with one gray ear, and carry her puppies in his pocket, just like a man. And he would have apprentices,¹ one, two, three, if he could.

How he would bully them, and knock them about,

¹ **ap-pren ti-ces**, persons bound by law to do service.

just as his master did him; and make them carry home the soot sacks, while he rode before them on his donkey with a pipe in his mouth and a flower in his buttonhole, like a king at the head of his army. Yes, there were good times coming; and when his master let him have a pull at the leavings of his beer, Tom was the jolliest boy in the whole town.

One day a smart little groom rode into the court where Tom lived. Tom was hiding behind a wall to heave half a brick at his horse's leg, as is the custom of that country when they welcome strangers; but the groom saw him, and hallooed to him to know where Mr. Grimes, the chimney sweep, lived. Now, Mr. Grimes was Tom's own master, and Tom was a good man of business, and always civil to customers; so he put the half-brick down quietly behind the wall, and proceeded to take orders.

Mr. Grimes was to come up next morning to Sir John Harthover's, at the Place, for his old chimney sweep was gone to prison, and the chimneys wanted sweeping. And so he rode away, not giving Tom time to ask what the sweep had gone to prison for, which was a matter of interest to Tom, as he had been in prison once or twice himself.

Moreover, the groom looked so very neat and clean, with his drab gaiters, drab breeches, drab jacket, snow-white tie with a smart pin in it, and

clean round ruddy face, that Tom was offended and disgusted at his appearance, and considered him a stuck-up fellow, who gave himself airs because he wore smart clothes, and other people paid for them; and went behind the wall to fetch the half-brick after all, but did not, remembering that he had come in the way of business, and was, as it were, under a flag of truce.

His master was so delighted at his new customer that he knocked Tom down out of hand, and drank more beer that night than he usually did in two, in order to be sure of getting up in time the next morning; for the more a man's head aches when he wakes, the more glad he is to turn out and have a breath of fresh air. And when he did get up at four the next morning, he knocked Tom down again in order to teach him (as young gentlemen used to be taught at public schools) that he must be an extra good boy that day, as they were going to a very great house, and might make a very good thing of it if they could but give satisfaction.

And Tom thought so likewise, and, indeed, would have done and behaved his best, even without being knocked down. For, of all places upon earth, Hart-hover Place (which he had never seen) was the most wonderful; and of all men on earth Sir John (whom he had seen, having been sent to jail by him twice) was the most awful.

Harthover Place was really a grand place, even for the rich North country; with a house so large that in the frame-breaking riots, which Tom could just remember, the Duke of Wellington, with ten thousand soldiers and cannon to match, were easily housed therein,—at least, so Tom believed; with a park full of deer, which Tom believed to be monsters who were in the habit of eating children; with miles of game preserves,¹ in which Mr. Grimes and the collier lads poached² at times, on which occasions Tom saw pheasants, and wondered what they tasted like; with a noble salmon river, in which Mr. Grimes and his friends would have liked to poach,—but then they must have got into cold water, and that they did not like at all.

In short, Harthover was a grand place, and Sir John a grand old man, whom even Mr. Grimes respected, for not only could he send Mr. Grimes to prison when he deserved it, as he did once or twice a week; not only did he own all the land about for miles; not only was he a jolly, honest, sensible squire as ever kept a pack of hounds, who would do what he thought right by his neighbors as well as get what he thought right for himself; but, what was more, he weighed full fifteen stone, was nobody

¹ **game preserves**, places where game is kept for the private shooting of some wealthy person.

² **poached**, stole game from a preserve.

knew how many inches round the chest, and could have thrashed Mr. Grimes himself in fair fight, which very few folk round there could do, and which, my dear little boy, would not have been right for him to do, as a great many things are not which one both can do and would like very much to do.

So Mr. Grimes touched his hat to him when he rode through the town, and called him a “bairdly awd chap,”¹ and his young ladies “gradely lasses,”² — which are two high compliments in the North country, — and thought that that made up for his poaching Sir John’s pheasants.

Now, I dare say you never got up at three o’clock on a midsummer morning.

Some people get up then because they want to catch salmon; and some, because they want to climb Alps; and a great many more, because they *must*, like Tom. But I assure you that three o’clock on a midsummer morning is the pleasantest time of all the twenty-four hours, and all the three hundred and sixty-five days; and why every one does not get up then, I never could tell, save that they are all determined to spoil their nerves and their complexions by doing all night what they might just as well do all day.

But Tom went to bed at seven, when his master

¹ “bairdly awd chap.” stout old fellow.

² “gradely lasses,” willing girls.

went to the public house, and slept like a dead pig; for which reason he was as *piert*¹ as a gamecock (who always gets up early to wake the maids), and just ready to get up when the fine gentlemen and ladies were just ready to go to bed.

CHAPTER II.

SO he and his master set out; Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and the brushes walked behind; out of the court, and up the street, past the closed window shutters and the winking, weary policemen, and the roofs all shining gray in the gray dawn.

They passed through the pitmen's village, all shut up and silent now, and through the turnpike; and then they were out in the real country, and plodding along the black dusty road, between black slag walls, with no sound but the groaning and thumping of the pit engine in the next field.

But soon the road grew white and the walls likewise; and at the wall's foot grew long grass and gay flowers, all drenched with dew; and instead of the groaning of the pit engine, they heard the skylark saying his *matins*² high up in the air, and the pit-bird warbling in the *sedges*,³ as he had warbled all night long.

¹ *piert*, active.

² *mat'ins*, morning prayers.

³ *sedges*, marshes covered with water plants.

All else was silent, for old Mrs. Earth was still fast asleep ; and, like many pretty people, she looked still prettier asleep than awake.

The great elm trees in the gold-green meadows were fast asleep above, and the cows fast asleep beneath them ; nay, the few clouds which were about were fast asleep likewise, and so tired that they had lain down on the earth to rest, in long white flakes and bars, among the stems of the elm trees and along the tops of the alders by the stream, waiting for the sun to bid them rise and go about their day's business in the clear blue overhead.

On they went ; and Tom looked, and looked, — for he never had been so far into the country before, — and longed to get over a gate, and pick buttercups, and look for birds' nests in the hedge ; but Mr. Grimes was a man of business, and would not have heard of that.

Soon they came up with a poor Irishwoman, trudging along with a bundle at her back. She had a gray shawl over her head, and a crimson madder¹ petticoat ; so you may be sure she came from Galway. She had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped along as if she were tired and footsore ; but she was a very tall, handsome woman, with bright gray eyes, and heavy black hair hanging about her cheeks. And she took Mr. Grimes's fancy

¹ mad'der, a red dye.

so much that when he came alongside he called out to her, —

“This is a hard road for a gradely foot like that. Will ye up, lass, and ride behind me?”

But perhaps she did not admire Mr. Grimes’s look and voice, for she answered quietly, —

“No, thank you; I’d sooner walk with your little lad here.”

“You may please yourself,” growled Grimes, and went on smoking.

So she walked beside Tom, and talked to him, and asked him where he lived, and what he knew, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant-spoken woman. And she asked him at last whether he said his prayers; and seemed sad when he told her that he knew no prayers to say.

Then he asked her where she lived; and she said, “Far away by the sea.” And Tom asked her about the sea; and she told him how it rolled and roared over the rocks in winter nights, and lay still in the bright summer days for the children to bathe and play in it; and many a story more, till Tom longed to go and see the sea, and bathe in it likewise.

At last, at the bottom of a hill, they came to a spring, — a real North country limestone fountain, like one of those in Sicily or Greece, where the old

heathen fancied the nymphs¹ sat cooling themselves through the hot summer's day, while the shepherds peeped at them from behind the bushes.

Out of a low cave of rock at the foot of a limestone crag, the great fountain rose, quelling,² and bubbling, and gurgling, so clear that you could not tell where the water ended and the air began; and ran away under the road, a stream large enough to turn a mill, among blue geranium, and golden globe-flower, and wild raspberry, and the bird cherry with its tassels of snow.

And there Grimes stopped and looked, and Tom looked too. Tom was wondering whether anything lived in that dark cave, and came out at night to fly in the meadows. But Grimes was not wondering at all. Without a word he got off his donkey and clambered over the low road wall, and knelt down and began dipping his ugly head into the spring, and very dirty he made it.

Tom was picking the flowers as fast as he could. The Irishwoman helped him, and showed him how to tie them up; and a very pretty nosegay they had made between them. But when he saw Grimes actually wash, he stopped, quite astonished; and when Grimes had finished, and began shaking his ears to dry them, he said:

¹ **nymph**, a goddess of the woods and waters.

² **quell'ing**, becoming still.

"Why, master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will again, most likely. 'T was n't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness. I'd be ashamed to want washing every week or so, like any smutty collier lad."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom. "It must be as good as putting it under the town pump; and there is no beadle¹ here to drive a chap away."

"Thou come along," said Grimes. "What dost want with washing thyself? Thou did not drink half a gallon of beer last night, like me."

Grimes was very sulky because the woman preferred Tom's company to his; so he dashed at him with horrid words, and tore him up from his knees, and began beating him. But Tom was accustomed to that, and got his head safe between Mr. Grimes's legs, and kicked his shins with all his might.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" cried the Irishwoman over the wall.

Grimes looked up, startled at her knowing his name; but all he answered was, "No; nor never was yet," and went on beating Tom.

"True for you. If you ever had been ashamed of yourself, you would have gone over into Vendale long ago."

¹ bea'dle, an officer.

"What do you know about Vendale?" shouted Grimes; but he left off beating Tom.

"I know about Vendale, and about you, too. I know, for instance, what happened in Aldermire Copse,¹ by night, two years ago come Martinmas."²

"You do?" shouted Grimes, and, leaving Tom, climbed up over the wall and faced the woman. Tom thought he was going to strike her; but she looked him too full and fierce in the face for that.

"Yes; I was there," said the Irishwoman, quietly.

"You are no Irishwoman, by your speech," said Grimes, after many bad words.

"Never mind who I am. I saw what I saw; and if you strike that boy again, I can tell what I know."

Grimes seemed quite cowed,³ and got on his donkey without another word.

"Stop!" said the Irishwoman. "I have one more word for you both; for you will both see me again before all is over. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. Remember!"

And she turned away, and through a gate into the meadow. Grimes stood still a moment, like a man who had been stunned. Then he rushed after

¹ **copse**, a wood consisting of small trees.

² **Martin-mas**, the feast of St. Martin, November 11.

³ **cowed**, frightened.

her, shouting, "You come back!" but when he got into the meadow the woman was not there.

Had she hidden away? There was no place to hide in. But Grimes looked about, and Tom also, for he was as puzzled as Grimes himself at her disappearing so suddenly; but look where they would, she was not there.

Grimes came back again, as silent as a post, for he was a little frightened; and getting on his donkey, filled a fresh pipe and smoked away, leaving Tom in peace.

CHAPTER III.

AND now they had gone three miles and more, and came to Sir John's lodge gates.

Very grand lodges they were, with very grand iron gates, and stone gate posts, and on the top of each a most dreadful boggy,¹ all teeth, horns, and tail, which was the crest which Sir John's ancestors² wore in the Wars of the Roses;³ and very prudent men they were to wear it, for all their enemies must have run for their lives at the very first sight of them.

Grimes rang at the gate, and out came a keeper on the spot, and opened.

¹ bo'-gy, goblin, monster.

² an'-ces-tors, parents and grandparents; forefathers.

³ "Wars of the Roses," a famous series of wars between two great families, the head of each of which claimed the right to be king of England. Each family had a rose for its symbol; one red, the other white.

"I was told to expect thee," said he. "Now, thou 'lt be so good as to keep to the main avenue, and not let me find a hare or a rabbit on thee when thou comest back. I shall look sharp for one, I tell thee."

"Not if it's in the bottom of the soot bag," quoth Grimes, and at that he laughed; and the keeper laughed and said,—

"If that's thy sort, I may as well walk up with thee to the hall."

"I think thou best had. It's thy business to see after thy game, man, and not mine."

So the keeper went with them; and, to Tom's surprise, he and Grimes chatted together all the way quite pleasantly. He did not know that a keeper is only a poacher turned outside in, and a poacher a keeper turned inside out.

They walked up a great lime avenue a full mile long, and between their stems Tom peeped trembling at the horns of the sleeping deer, which stood up among the ferns. Tom had never seen such enormous¹ trees, and as he looked up he fancied that the blue sky rested on their heads. But he was puzzled very much by a strange murmuring noise, which followed them all the way; so much puzzled that at last he took courage to ask the keeper what it was.

¹ e-nor'mous, very large.

He spoke very civilly, and called him Sir; for he was horribly afraid of him, which pleased the keeper, and he told him that they were the bees about the lime flowers.

“What are bees?” asked Tom.

“What make honey.”

“What is honey?” asked Tom.

“Thou hold thy noise,” said Grimes.

“Let the boy be,” said the keeper. “He’s a civil young chap now, and that’s more than he’ll be long if he bides with thee.”

Grimes laughed, for he took that for a compliment.¹

“I wish I were a keeper,” said Tom, “to live in such a beautiful place, and wear green velveteens,² and have a real dog-whistle at my button, like you.”

The keeper laughed; he was a kind-hearted fellow enough.

“Let well alone, lad, and ill too at times. Thy life’s safer than mine at all events, eh, Mr. Grimes?”

And Grimes laughed again; and then the two men began talking quite low. Tom could hear, though, that it was about some poaching fight; and at last Grimes said surlily,

“Hast thou anything against me?”

¹ com'pli-ment, praise; pleasant speech.

² vel-vet-eens', clothes made of velveteen, a kind of cloth.

“Not now.”

“Then don’t ask me any questions till thou hast, for I am a man of honor.”

And at that they both laughed again, and thought it a very good joke.

And by this time they were come up to the great iron gates in front of the house, and Tom stared through them at the rhododendrons and azaleas, which were all in flower, and then at the house itself, and wondered how many chimneys there were in it, and how long ago it was built, and what was the man’s name that built it, and whether he got much money for his job.

These last were very difficult questions to answer. For Harthover had been built at ninety different times, and in nineteen different styles, and looked as if somebody had built a whole street of houses of every imaginable¹ shape, and then stirred them together with a spoon.

But Tom and his master did not go in through the great iron gates, as if they had been Dukes or Bishops, but round the back way, and a very long way round it was,—and into a little back door, where the ash boy let them in, yawning horribly. And then in a passage the housekeeper met them, in such a flowered chintz² dressing-gown that Tom mistook her

¹ im-ag’i-na-ble, that can be thought of.

² chintz, cotton cloth; calico.

for My Lady herself; and she gave Grimes solemn orders about, "You will take care of this, and take care of that," as if he was going up the chimneys, and not Tom. And Grimes listened, and said every now and then, under his voice, "You'll mind that, you little beggar?" and Tom did mind, — all at least that he could.

And then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin, in a lofty and tremendous¹ voice; and so, after a whimper or two and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney, while a housemaid stayed in the room to watch the furniture; to whom Mr. Grimes paid many playful and chivalrous² compliments, but met with very slight encouragement in return.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW many chimneys Tom swept I cannot say; but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was accustomed,³ but such as you would find — if you would only get up them and look, which perhaps you would not like to do — in old country houses, large and crooked chimneys, which had been

¹ *tre-men'dous*, terrible; very great.

² *chiv'al-rous*, knightly; polite.

³ *ac-cus'tomed*, used to.

altered again and again, till they ran one into another, so that Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is underground. But at last, coming down as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearthrug in a room the like of which he had never been in before.

Tom had never seen the like. He had never been in gentlefolks' rooms but when the carpets were all up, and the curtains down, and the furniture huddled together under a cloth, and the pictures covered with aprons and dusters; and he had often enough wondered what the **rooms** were like when they were all ready for the quality¹ to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white: white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers, and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of horses and dogs.

The horses he liked; but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bulldogs among them, not even a terrier. But the two pictures which took

¹ qual'i-ty, rich or noble people.

his fancy most were: one, a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children's heads.

That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room. For he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

The other picture was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom much. He fancied that he had seen something like it in a shop window. But why was it there? "Poor man," thought Tom; "and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a sad picture as that in her room? Perhaps it was some kinsman¹ of hers who had been murdered by the savages in foreign parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance." And Tom felt sad and awed, and turned to look at something else.

The next thing he saw, and that, too, puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with ewers and basins, and soap and brushes and towels, and a large bath full of clean water. "What a heap of things, all for washing. She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "by my master's rule, to want as much scrubbing as all that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt out of the way so well afterwards, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels."

And then, looking toward the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment.

¹ kins'-man, relative.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed.

She might have been as old as Tom, or may be a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

"No; she cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "And are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered whether it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

And looking round he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little, ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before!

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out

that he was dirty, and burst into tears with shame and anger, and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, and upset the fender,¹ and threw the fire-irons down with a noise as of ten thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and, seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn; and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom had been in a policeman's hands many a time, and out of them, too, what is more; and he would have been ashamed to face his friends forever if he had been stupid enough to be caught by an old woman. So he doubled under the good lady's arms, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

He did not need to drop out, though he would have done so bravely enough; nor even to let himself down a spout, which would have been an old game to him, for once he got up by a spout to the church roof,—he said to take jackdaws' eggs, but the policeman said to steal lead,—and, when he was seen on high, sat there till the sun got too hot, and came down by another spout, leaving the

¹ *fen'der*, a frame for keeping the fire from falling on the floor.

policemen to go back to the station house and eat their dinners.

But all under the window spread a tree with great leaves, and sweet white flowers almost as big as his head. It was a magnolia, I suppose; but Tom knew nothing about that, and cared less; for down the tree he went like a cat, and across the garden lawn, and over the iron railings, and up the park towards the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream murder and fire at the window.

The under gardener, mowing, saw Tom, and threw down his scythe, caught his leg in it, and cut his shin open, whereby he kept his bed for a week; but in his hurry he never knew it, and gave chase to poor Tom. The dairymaid heard the noise, got the churn between her knees and tumbled over it, spilling all the cream; and yet she jumped up and gave chase to Tom.

A groom, cleaning Sir John's hack¹ at the stables, let him go loose, whereby he kicked himself lame in five minutes; but he ran out and gave chase to Tom. Grimes upset the soot sack in the new-graveled yard, and spoilt it all utterly; but he ran out and gave chase to Tom. The old steward opened the park gate in such a hurry that he caught his pony's chain upon the spikes, and for aught I know it hangs there still; but he jumped off and gave chase to Tom.

The plowman left his horses at the headland, and

¹ **hack**, horse.

one jumped over the fence and pulled the other into the ditch, plow and all ; but he ran on and gave chase to Tom. The keeper, who was taking a stoat¹ out of a trap, let the stoat go, and caught his own finger ; but he jumped up and ran after Tom, and, considering what he said and how he looked, I should have been sorry for Tom if he had caught him.

Sir John looked out of his study window (for he was an early old gentleman) and up at the nurse, and a martin dropped mud in his eye, so that he had at last to send for the doctor ; and yet he ran out and gave chase to Tom. The Irishwoman, too, was walking up to the house to beg, — she must have got round by some by-way ; but she threw away her bundle and gave chase to Tom likewise. Only My Lady did not give chase ; for when she had put her head out of the window, her night-wig fell into the garden, and she had to ring up her lady's maid and send her down for it privately, which quite put her out of the running, so that she came in nowhere, and is consequently² not placed.

In a word, never was there heard at Hall Place — not even when the fox was killed in the conservatory³ among acres of broken glass and tons of smashed flower-pots — such a noise, row, hubbub, hullabaloo, and total contempt of dignity, repose, and order, as

¹ stoat, an ermine.

² con'se-quent-ly, therefore.

³ con-serv'a-to-ry, greenhouse.

that day when Grimes, the gardener, the groom, the dairymaid, Sir John, the steward, the plowman, the keeper, and the Irishwoman all ran up the park, shouting, "Stop thief!" in the belief that Tom had at least a thousand pounds' worth of jewels in his empty pockets; and the very magpies and jays followed Tom up, screaming and screaming as if he were a hunted fox beginning to droop his brush.

And all the while poor Tom paddled up the park with his little bare feet, like a small black gorilla fleeing to the forest.

Alas for him! there was no big father gorilla therein to take part, — to scratch out the gardener's inside with one paw, toss the dairymaid into a tree with another, and wrench off Sir John's head with a third, while he cracked the keeper's skull with his teeth as easily as if it had been a cocoanut or a paving stone.

However, Tom did not remember ever having had a father, so he did not look for one, and expected to have to take care of himself; while, as for running, he could keep up for a couple of miles with any stagecoach, if there was a chance of a copper, and turn coach-wheels on his hands and feet ten times following, which is more than you can do. Wherefore his pursuers found it very difficult to catch him; and we will hope that they did not catch him at all.

CHAPTER V.

TOM, of course, made for the woods. He had never been in a wood in his life; but he was sharp enough to know that he might hide in a bush or run up a tree, and, altogether, had more chance than in the open field. If he had not known that, he would have been foolisher than a mouse or a minnow.

But when he got into the wood, he found it a very different sort of place from what he had fancied. He pushed into a thick cover of rhododendrons,¹ and found himself at once caught in a trap.

The boughs laid hold of his legs and arms, poked him in his face and his stomach, made him shut his eyes tight (though that was no great loss, for he could not see at best a yard before his nose). And when he got through the rhododendrons, the hassock grass and sedges tumbled him over, and cut his poor little fingers afterwards most spitefully; the birches birched him as soundly as if he had been a nobleman at Eton,² and over the face, too (which is not fair switching, as all brave boys will agree); and the lawyers³ tripped him up and tore his shins as if they had shark's teeth — which lawyers are likely enough to have.

¹ *rho'-do-den'dron*, a rose tree; a shrub bearing beautiful flowers.

² *E'ton*, a noted school for boys. ³ *lawyers*, briars; brambles.

"I must get out of this," thought Tom, "or I shall stay here till somebody comes to help me,—which is just what I don't want."

But how to get out was the difficult matter. And indeed, I don't think he would ever have got out at all, but have stayed there till the cock robins covered him with leaves, if he had not suddenly run his head against a wall.

Now, running your head against a wall is not pleasant, especially if it is a loose wall, with the stones all set on edge, and a sharp-cornered one hits you between the eyes and makes you see all manner of beautiful stars.

The stars are very beautiful, certainly; but, unfortunately, they go in the twenty-thousandth part of a split second, and the pain which comes after them does not.

And so Tom hurt his head; but he was a brave boy, and did not mind that a penny. He guessed that over the wall the cover¹ would end; and up it he went, and over like a squirrel.

And there he was, out on the great grouse moors,² which the country folk called Harthover Fell,—heather,³ and bog, and rock,—stretching away and up, up to the very sky.

¹ cover, thicket.

² moor, a tract of poor land covered with heather.

³ heath'er, a plant common in Great Britain.

Now Tom was a cunning little fellow, — as cunning as an old Exmoor stag. Why not? Though he was but ten years old, he had lived longer than most stags, and had more wits to start with into the bargain.

He knew as well as a stag that if he backed, he might throw the hounds out. So the first thing he did, when he was over the wall, was to make the neatest double sharp to his right, and run along under the wall for nearly half a mile.

Whereby Sir John, and the keeper, and the steward, and the gardener, and the plowman, and the dairymaid, and all the hue-and-cry together went on ahead half a mile in the very opposite direction, and inside the wall, leaving him a mile off on the outside, while Tom heard their shouts die away in the wood, and chuckled to himself merrily.

At last he came to a dip in the land, and went to the bottom of it, and then he turned bravely away from the wall and up the moor; for he knew that he had put a hill between him and his enemies, and could go on without their seeing him.

But the Irishwoman, alone of them all, had seen which way Tom went. She had kept ahead of every one the whole time; and yet she neither walked nor ran. She went along quite smoothly and gracefully, while her feet twinkled past each

other so fast that you could not see which was foremost ; till every one asked the other who the strange woman was. And all agreed, for want of anything better to say, that she must be in league¹ with Tom.

But when she came to the plantation, they lost sight of her ; and they could do no less, for she went quietly over the wall after Tom, and followed him wherever he went. Sir John and the rest saw no more of her ; and out of sight was out of mind.

And now Tom was right away into the heather, over just such a moor as those in which you have been bred, except that there were rocks and stones lying about everywhere, and that, instead of the moor growing flat as he went upwards, it grew more and more broken and hilly, but not so rough but that little Tom could jog along well enough, and find time, too, to stare about at the strange place, which was like a new world to him.

He saw great spiders there, with crowns and crosses marked on their backs, who sat in the middle of their webs, and when they saw Tom coming, shook them so fast that they became invisible.²

Then he saw lizards, brown and gray and green, and thought they were snakes, and would sting

¹ **league** (leeg), agreement to act together.

² **in-vis'i-ble**, that cannot be seen.

him; but they were as much frightened as he, and shot away into the heath. And then, under a rock, he saw a pretty sight, — a great, brown, sharp-nosed creature, with a white tag to her brush, and round her four or five smutty little cubs, the funniest fellows Tom ever saw.

She lay on her back rolling about and stretching out her legs and head and tail in the bright sunshine; and the cubs jumped over her, and ran round her, and nibbled her paws, and lugged her about by the tail, and she seemed to enjoy it mightily.

But one selfish little fellow stole away from the rest to a dead crow close by, and dragged it off to hide it, though it was nearly as big as he was. Whereat all his little brothers set off after him in full cry, and saw Tom; and then all ran back; and up jumped Mrs. Vixen, and caught one up in her mouth, and the rest toddled after her, and into a dark crack in the rocks; and there was an end of the show.

And next he had a fright; for, as he scrambled up a sandy brow, — whirr-poof-cock-cock-kick, — something went off in his face with a most horrid noise. He thought the ground had blown up, and the end of the world come.

And when he opened his eyes (for he shut them very tight), it was only an old cock-grouse, who

had been washing himself in sand, like an Arab, for want of water, and who, when Tom had all but trodden on him, jumped up with a noise like the express train, leaving his wife and children to shift for themselves, like an old coward, and went off, screaming, "Cur-ru-u-uck, cur-ru-u-uck, — murder, thieves, fire, — cur-u-uck-cock-kick, — the end of the world is come, — kick-kick-cock-kick!"

He was always fancying that the end of the world was come when anything happened which was farther off than the end of his own nose. But the end of the world was not come, any more than the twelfth of August was, though the old grouse cock was quite certain of it.

So the old grouse came back to his wife and family an hour afterwards, and said solemnly, "Cock-cock-kick; my dears, the end of the world is not quite come, but I assure you it is coming the day after to-morrow."

But his wife had heard that so often that she knew all about it, and a little more. And, beside, she was the mother of a family, and had seven little poults¹ to wash and feed every day, and that made her very practical and a little sharp-tempered; so all she answered was, "Kick-kick-kick — kick, kick, kick — go and catch spiders, go and catch spiders — kick."

¹ poults, chicks.

CHAPTER VI.

SO Tom went on and on, he hardly knew why; but he liked the great, wide, strange place, and the cool, fresh, bracing air. But he went more and more slowly as he got higher up the hill; for now the ground grew very bad indeed.

Instead of soft turf and springy heather, he met great patches of flat limestone rock, just like ill-made pavements, with deep cracks between the stones and ledges filled with ferns; so he had to hop from stone to stone, and now and then he slipped in between and hurt his little bare toes, though they were tolerably¹ tough ones; but still he would go on and up, he could not tell why.

What would Tom have said if he had seen walking over the moor behind him the very same Irishwoman who had taken his part upon the road? But whether it was that he looked too little behind him, or whether it was that she kept out of sight behind the rocks and knolls,² he never saw her though she saw him.

And now he began to get a little hungry, and very thirsty; for he had run a long way, and the sun had risen high in heaven, and the rock was as hot as an oven, and the air danced reels over it as it does over a limekiln,³ till everything round seemed quivering and melting in the glare.

¹ tol'-er-a-bly, quite.

² knolls, small hills.

³ lime'kiln (-kil), a sort of oven where limestone is burned.

But he could see nothing to eat anywhere, and still less to drink.

The heath was full of bilberries and whinberries; but they were only in flower, for it was June. And as for water, who can find that on top of a limestone rock? Now and then he passed by a deep, dark swallow-hole, going down into the earth as if it was the chimney of some dwarf's house underground; and more than once, as he passed, he could hear water falling, trickling, tinkling, many, many feet below. How he longed to get down to it and cool his poor baked lips! But, brave little chimney sweep as he was, he dared not climb down such chimneys as those.

So he went on and on, till his head spun round with the heat, and he thought he heard church bells ringing a long way off.

"Ah!" he thought, "where there is a church there will be houses and people; and perhaps some one will give me a bit and a sup." So he set off again to look for the church; for he was sure that he heard the bells quite plain.

And in a minute more, when he looked round, he stopped again, and said, "Why, what a big place the world is!"

And so it was, for, from the top of the mountain he could see, — what could he not see?

Behind him, far below, was Harthover, and the

dark woods, and the shining salmon river; and on his left, far below, was the town, and the smoking chimneys of the collieries;¹ and far, far away, the river widened to the shining sea, and little white specks, which were ships, lay on its bosom. Before him lay, spread out like a map, great plains, and farms, and villages, amid dark knots of trees. They all seemed at his very feet; but he had sense to see that they were long miles away.

And to his right rose moor after moor, hill after hill, till they faded away, blue into blue sky. But between him and those moors, and really at his very feet, lay something to which, as soon as Tom saw it, he determined to go, for that was the place for him.

A deep, deep green and rocky valley, very narrow and filled with wood; but through the wood, hundreds of feet below him, he could see a clear stream glance.

Oh, if he could but get down to that stream! Then, by the stream, he saw the roof of a little cottage, and a little garden set out in squares and beds. And there was a tiny little red thing moving in the garden no bigger than a fly.

As Tom looked down, he saw that it was a woman in a red petticoat. Ah! perhaps she would give him something to eat. And there were the church bells ringing again. Surely there must be a

¹ col'lier-ies, coal mines.

village down there! Well, nobody would know him, or what had happened at the Place.

The news could not have got there yet, even if Sir John had set all the policemen in the country after him; and he could get down there in five minutes.

Tom was quite right about the hue-and-cry not having got thither; for he had come, without knowing it, the best part of ten miles from Harthover; but he was wrong about getting down in five minutes, for the cottage was more than a mile off, and a good thousand feet below.

However, down he went, like a brave little man as he was, though he was very footsore and tired, and hungry and thirsty; while the church bells rang so loud, he began to think that they must be inside his own head, and the river chimed and tinkled far below, and this was the song which it sang:—

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By singing shingle, and foaming wear;²
Under the crag where the ouzel³ sings,
And the ivied wall where the church bell rings,
Undefiled,⁴ for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child!

¹ *shin'gle*, stones worn by water; pebbles.

² *wear* (*wēr*) dam.

³ *ou'zel* (*oozl*), a bird of the thrush family.

⁴ *un-de-fled'*, not defiled or soiled; clean.



F DVORAK.

WATER BABIES.

Dank¹ and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky² cowl;³
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child!

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea;
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless⁴ tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite⁵ main,⁶
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undefiled, for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

So Tom went down, and all the while he never saw
the Irishwoman going down behind him.

CHAPTER VII.

A MILE off, and a thousand feet down. So Tom
found it; though it seemed as if he could
have chucked a pebble on to the back of the woman.

¹ dank, damp.

² murk'y, gloomy.

³ cowl, a kind of hood.

⁴ taint'less, pure.

⁵ in'fi-nite, endless.

⁶ ruin, the ocean.

in the red petticoat who was weeding in the garden, or even across the dale to the rocks beyond.

For the bottom of the valley was just one field broad, and on the other side ran the stream; and above it, gray crag, gray down, gray stair, gray moor, walled up to heaven.

A quiet, silent, rich, happy place; a narrow crack cut deep into the earth; so deep, and so out of the way, that the bad bogies¹ can hardly find it out.

And first Tom went down three hundred feet of steep heather, mixed up with loose brown gritstone as rough as a file, which was not pleasant to his poor little heels as he came bump, stump, down the steep. And still he thought he could throw a stone into the garden.

Then he went down three hundred feet of limestone terraces,² one below the other, as straight as if a carpenter had ruled them with his ruler and then cut them out with his chisel. There was no heath there, but —

First, a little grass slope, covered with the prettiest flowers, rockrose and saxifrage,³ and thyme⁴ and basil,⁵ and all sorts of sweet herbs. Then bump down a two-foot step of limestone; then another bit of grass

¹ **bo'-gies**, bad spirits; hobgoblins.

² **ter'-ra-ces**, banks or slopes raised one above the other.

³ **sax'i-frage**, a plant that grows in the crevices of rocks.

⁴ **thyme** (time), a fragrant plant.

⁵ **bas'il**, a species of mountain mint.

and flowers; then bump down a one-foot step; then another bit of grass and flowers, for fifty yards, as steep as the house-roof.

Then another step of stone, ten feet high; and there he had to stop himself, and crawl along the edge to find a crack; for if he had rolled over, he would have rolled right into the old woman's garden, and frightened her out of her wits.

Then, when he had found a dark, narrow crack full of green-stalked fern such as hangs in the basket in the drawing-room, and had crawled down through it with knees and elbows, as he would down a chimney, there was another grass slope, and another step, and so on, till — oh, dear me! I wish it was all over! and so did he. And yet he thought he could throw a stone into the old woman's garden.

At last he came to a bank of beautiful shrubs, — whitebeam with its great silver-backed leaves, and mountain ash, and oak; and below them cliff and crag, cliff and crag, with great beds of crowned ferns and wood sage; while through the shrubs he could see the stream sparkling, and hear it murmur on the white pebbles. He did not know that it was three hundred feet below.

You would have been giddy, perhaps, at looking down; but Tom was not. He was a brave little chimney sweep; and when he found himself on the top of a high cliff, instead of sitting down and crying,

he said, "Ah, this will just suit me!" though he was very tired; and down he went, by stock and stone, sedge and ledge, bush and rush, as if he had been born a jolly little black ape, with four hands instead of two.

And all the while he never saw the Irishwoman coming down behind him. But he was getting terribly tired now. The burning sun on the fells had sucked him up; but the damp heat of the woody crag sucked him up still more.

At last he got to the bottom. But, behold, it was not the bottom! — as people usually find when they are coming down a mountain. For at the foot of the crag were heaps and heaps of fallen limestone, of every size, from that of your head to that of a stage-wagon, with holes between them full of sweet heath fern; and before Tom got through them he was out in the bright sunshine again; and then he felt, once for all and suddenly, as people generally do, that he was b-e-a-t, beat.

You must expect to be beat a few times in your life, little man, if you live such a life as a man ought to live, let you be as strong and healthy as you may; and when you are, you will find it a very ugly feeling. I hope that that day you may have a stout, stanch friend by you who is not beat; for, if you have not, you had best lie where you are and wait for better times, as poor Tom did.

He could not get on. The sun was burning, and yet he felt chill all over. He was quite empty, and yet he felt quite sick. There were but two hundred yards of smooth pasture between him and the cottage, and yet he could not walk down it. He could hear the stream murmuring only one field beyond it, and yet it seemed to him as if it were a hundred miles off.

He lay down on the grass, till the beetles ran over him and the flies settled on his nose. I don't know when he would have got up again if the gnats and the midges had not taken compassion¹ on him.

But the gnats blew their trumpets so loud in his ear, and the midges nibbled so at his hands and face wherever they could find a place free from soot, that at last he woke up, and stumbled away, down over a low wall, and into a narrow road, and up to the cottage door.

And a neat, pretty cottage it was, with clipped yew hedges all round the garden, and yews inside too. And out of the open door came a noise like that of the frogs when they know that it is going to be scorching hot to-morrow,—and how they know that I don't know, and you don't know, and nobody knows.

He came slowly up to the open door, which was

¹ com-pas'-sion, pity.

all hung round with clematis¹ and roses; and then peeped in, half afraid.

And there sat by the empty fireplace, which was filled with a pot of sweet herbs, the nicest old woman that ever was seen, in her red petticoat, and short dimity² bedgown, and clean white cap, with a black silk handkerchief over it tied under her chin. At her feet sat the grandfather of all the cats; and opposite her sat, on two benches, twelve or fourteen neat, rosy, chubby little children, learning their Chris-cross-row; and gabble enough they made about it.

Such a pleasant cottage it was, with a shiny clean stone floor, and curious old prints on the walls, and an old black oak sideboard full of bright pewter and brass dishes, and a cuckoo clock in the corner which began shouting as soon as Tom appeared; not that it was frightened at Tom, but that it was just eleven o'clock.

All the children started at Tom's dirty black figure. The girls began to cry, and the boys began to laugh, and all pointed at him rudely enough; but Tom was too tired to care for that.

"What art thou, and what dost want?" cried the old dame. "A chimney sweep! Away with thee! I'll have no sweeps here."

"Water," said poor little Tom, quite faint.

¹ clem'-a-tis, a climbing plant.

² dim'-i-ty, a kind of cloth.

"Water? There's plenty i' the beck,"¹ she said quite sharply.

"But I can't get there; I'm most clemmed² with hunger and drought."³ And Tom sank down upon the doorstep and laid his head against the post.

And the old dame looked at him through her spectacles one minute, and two, and three; and then she said, "He's sick; and a bairn's a bairn,⁴ sweep or none."

"Water," said Tom.

"God forgive me!" and she put by her spectacles, and rose, and came to Tom. "Water's bad for thee; I'll give thee milk." And she toddled off into the next room, and brought a cup of milk and a bit of bread.

Tom drank the milk off at one draught, and then looked up, revived.

"Where didst come from?" said the dame.

"Over fell, there," said Tom, and pointed up into the sky.

"Over Harthover? and down Lewthwaite Crag? Art sure thou art not lying?"

"Why should I?" said Tom, and leant his head against the post.

"And how got ye up there?"

"I came over from the Place;" and Tom was so tired and desperate he had no heart or time to think

¹beck, brook. ²clemmed, starved. ³drought, thirst. ⁴bairn, child.

of a story, so he told all the truth in a few words.

"And thou hast not been stealing, then?"

"No."

"Bless thy little heart! I'll warrant not. Why, God's guided the bairn because he was innocent. Away from the Place, and over Harthover Fell,¹ and down Lewthwaite Crag! Who ever heard the like, if God had n't led him? Why dost not eat thy bread?"

"I can't."

"It's good enough, for I made it myself."

"I can't," said Tom, and he laid his head on his knees and then asked, "Is it Sunday?"

"No, then; why should it be?"

"Because I hear the church bells ringing so."

"Bless thy pretty heart! the bairn's sick. Come wi' me, and I'll hap² thee up somewhere. If thou wert a bit cleaner I'd put thee in my own bed, for the Lord's sake. But come along here."

But when Tom tried to get up he was so tired and giddy that she had to help him and lead him.

She put him in an outhouse upon soft sweet hay and an old rug, and bade him sleep off his walk, and she would come to him when school was over, in an hour's time.

And so she went in again, expecting Tom to fall fast asleep at once.

¹ fell, stony hill.

² hap, put; take care of.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUT Tom did not fall asleep.

Instead of it he turned and tossed and kicked about in the strangest way, and felt so hot all over that he longed to get into the river to cool himself; and then he fell half asleep, and dreamt that he heard the little white lady crying to him, "Oh, you're so dirty; go and be washed;" and then that he heard the Irishwoman saying, "Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be."

And then he heard the church bells ring so loud, close to him, too, that he was sure it must be Sunday, in spite of what the old dame had said; and he would go to church and see what a church was like inside, for he had never been in one, poor little fellow, in all his life. But the people would never let him come in all over soot and dirt like that.

He must go to the river and wash first. And he said out loud again and again, though being half asleep he did not know it, "I must be clean, I must be clean."

And all of a sudden he found himself, not in the outhouse on the hay, but in the middle of a meadow over the road, with the stream just before him, saying continually, "I must be clean, I must be clean." He had got there on his own legs, between sleep and awake, as children will often get out of bed

and go about the room when they are not quite well.

But he was not a bit surprised, and went on to the bank of the brook and lay down on the grass, and looked into the clear limestone water, with every pebble at the bottom bright and clean, while the little silver trout dashed about in fright at the sight of his black face; and he dipped his hand in and found it so cool, cool, cool; and he said, "I will be a fish; I will swim in the water; I must be clean, I must be clean."

So he pulled off all his clothes in such haste that he tore some of them, which was easy enough with such ragged old things; and he put his poor hot, sore feet into the water, and then his legs; and the further he went in, the more the church bells rang in his head.

"Ah!" said Tom, "I must be quick and wash myself; the bells are ringing quite loud now, and they will stop soon, and then the door will be shut, and I shall never be able to get in at all."

And all the while he never saw the Irishwoman, — not behind him this time, but before, — for just before he came to the river side, she had stepped down into the cool water, and her shawl and her petticoat floated off her, and the green water weeds floated round her sides, and the white water lilies floated round her head, and the fairies of the stream

came up from the bottom and bore her away and down upon their arms; for she was the Queen of them all, and perhaps of more besides.

"Where have you been?" they asked her.

"I have been smoothing sick folk's pillows, and whispering sweet dreams into their ears; opening cottage casements,¹ to let out the stifling² air; coaxing little children away from gutters and foul pools, where fever breeds; doing all I can to help those who will not help themselves; and little enough that is, and weary work for me. But I have brought you a new little brother, and watched him safe all the way here."

Then all the fairies laughed for joy at the thought that they had a little brother coming.

"But mind, maidens, he must not see you, or know that you are here. He is but a savage³ now, and like the beasts which perish; and from the beasts which perish he must learn. So you must not play with him, or speak to him, or let him see you; but only keep him from being harmed."

Then the fairies were sad, because they could not play with their new brother; but they always did what they were told.

And their Queen floated away down the river; and whither she went, thither she came. But all this

¹ case'ments, windows.

² sti'fling, choking; foul.

³ sav'age, a wild, ignorant person.

Tom, of course, never saw or heard; and perhaps if he had, it would have made little difference in the story; for he was so hot and thirsty, and longed so to be clean for once, that he tumbled himself as quick as he could into the clear, cool stream.

And he had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep,—into the quietest, sunniest, coziest sleep that ever he had in his life; and he dreamt about the green meadows by which he had walked that morning, and the tall elm trees, and the sleeping cows; and after that he dreamt of nothing at all.

The reason of his falling into such a delightful sleep is very simple; and yet hardly any one has found it out. It was merely that the fairies took him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE kind old dame came back at twelve, when school was over, to look at Tom; but there was no Tom there. She looked about for his footprints; but the ground was so hard that there was no slot,¹ as they say in dear old North Devon.

So she went in again quite sulky, thinking that little Tom had tricked her with a false story, and shammed² ill, and then ran away again.

But she altered her mind the next day. For when Sir John and the rest of them had run them-

¹ slot, track.

² shammed, pretended.

selves out of breath, and lost Tom, they went back again, looking very foolish.

And they looked more foolish still when Sir John heard more of the story from the nurse; and more foolish still, again, when they heard the whole story from Miss Ellie, the little lady in white. All she had seen was a poor little black chimney sweep crying and sobbing, and going to get up the chimney again. Of course she was very much frightened; and no wonder. But that was all. The boy had taken nothing in the room; by the mark of his little sooty feet, they could see that he had never been off the hearth rug till the nurse caught hold of him. It was all a mistake.

So Sir John told Grimes to go home, and promised him five shillings if he would bring the boy quietly up to him, without beating him, that he might be sure of the truth. For he took for granted—and Grimes too—that Tom had made his way home.

But no Tom came back to Mr. Grimes that evening; and he went to the police office to tell them to look out for the boy. But no Tom was heard of. As for his having gone over those great fells to Vendale, they no more dreamed of that than of his having gone to the moon.

So Mr. Grimes came up to Harthover next day with a very sour face; but when he got there, Sir John was over the hills and far away, and Mr.

Grimes had to sit in the outer servants' hall all day, and drink strong ale to wash away his sorrows, — and they were washed away long before Sir John came back.

For good Sir John had slept very badly that night; and he said to his lady, "My dear, the boy must have got over into the grouse moors, and lost himself; and he lies very heavily on my conscience, poor little lad. But I know what I will do."

So at five the next morning up he got and into his bath, and into his shooting-jacket and gaiters, and into the stable yard, like a fine old English gentleman, with a face as red as a rose, and a hand as hard as a table, and a back as broad as a bullock's, and bade them bring his shooting pony, and the keeper to come on his pony, and the huntsman, and the first whip, and the second whip, and the under keeper with the bloodhound in a leash, — a great dog as tall as a calf, of the color of a gravel walk, with mahogany ears and nose, and a throat like a church bell.

They took him up to the place where Tom had gone into the wood; and there the hound lifted up his mighty voice and told them all he knew.

Then he took them to the place where Tom had climbed the wall; and they shoved it down, and all got through.

And then the wise dog took them over the moor,

and over the fells, step by step, very slowly; for the scent was a day old, you know, and very light from the heat and drought. But that was why cunning old Sir John started at five in the morning.

And at last he came to the top of Lewthwaite Crag, and there he bayed, and looked up in their faces as much as to say, "I tell you he has gone down here."

They could hardly believe that Tom would have gone so far; and when they looked at that awful cliff, they could never believe that he would have dared to face it. But if the dog said so, it must be true.

"Heaven forgive us!" said Sir John. "If we find him at all, we shall find him lying at the bottom." And he slapped his great hand upon his great thigh, and said,—

"Who will go down over Lewthwaite Crag, and see if that boy is alive? Oh that I were twenty years younger, and I would go down myself!" And so he would have done, as well as any sweep in the country. Then he said,—

"Twenty pounds to the man who brings me that boy alive!" And, as was his way, what he said he meant.

Now among the lot was a little groom boy, a very little groom indeed; and he was the same who had ridden up the court and told Tom to come to the Hall, and he said,—

“Twenty pounds or none, I will go down over Lewthwaite Crag, if it’s only for the poor boy’s sake. For he was as civil a spoken little chap as ever climbed a flue.”

So down over Lewthwaite Crag he went. A very smart groom he was at the top, and a very shabby one at the bottom; for he tore his gaiters, and he tore his breeches, and he tore his jacket, and he burst his braces, and he burst his boots, and he lost his hat, and, what was worst of all, he lost his shirt pin, which he prized very much, for it was gold; but he never saw anything of Tom.

And all the while Sir John and the rest were riding round, full three miles to the right, and back again, to get into Vendale and to the foot of the great crag.

When they came to the old dame’s school, all the children came out to see. And the old dame herself came out too; and when she saw Sir John she courtesied very low, for she was a tenant of his.

“Well, dame, and how are you?” said Sir John.

“Blessings on you as broad as your back, Harthover,” says she, — she did n’t call him Sir John, but only Harthover, for that is the fashion in the North Country, — “and welcome into Vendale! but you’re no hunting the fox this time of year?”

“I am hunting, and strange game too,” said he.

"Blessings on your heart! and what makes you look so sad the morn?"

"I'm looking for a lost child, a chimney sweep that is run away."

"Oh, Harthover, Harthover!" says she, "ye were always a just man and a merciful; and ye'll no harm the poor little lad if I give you tidings of him?"

"Not I, not I, dame! I'm afraid we hunted him out of the house all on a miserable mistake, and the hound has brought him to the top of Lewthwaite Crag, and —"

Whereat the old dame broke out crying, without letting him finish his story.

"So he told me the truth after all, poor little dear! Ah, first thoughts are best, and a body's heart'll guide them right, if they will but hearken to it." And then she told Sir John all.

"Bring the dog here, and lay him on," said Sir John, without another word, and he set his teeth very hard.

And the dog opened at once, and went away at the back of the cottage, over the road, and over the meadow, and through a bit of alder copse; and there, upon an alder stump, they saw Tom's clothes lying.

And then they knew as much about it all as there was any need to know.

And Tom?

CHAPTER X.



A H, now comes the most wonderful part of this wonderful story. Tom, when he woke, for of course he woke, — children always wake after they have slept exactly as long as is good for them, — found himself swimming about in the stream, being about four inches long, and having round his neck a set of gills, just like those of a sucking eft,¹ which he mistook for a lace frill, till he pulled at them, found he

hurt himself, and made up his mind that they were part of himself, and best left alone.

In fact, the fairies had turned him into a water baby.

A water baby? You never heard of a water baby? Perhaps not. That is the very reason why this story was written. There are a great many things in the world which you never heard of.

“But there are no such things as water babies!”

How do you know that? Have you been there to see? And if you had been there to see, and had

¹ eft, a small lizard.

seen none, that would not prove that there were none. If Mr. Garth does not find a fox in Eversley Wood, that does not prove that there are no such things as foxes.

“But surely if there were water babies, somebody would have caught one, at least!”

Well, how do you know that somebody has not?

“But they would have put it into a bottle of spirits, and sent it to Professor Owen,¹ or to Professor Huxley,² to see what they would say about it.”

Ah! my dear little man, that does not follow at all, as you will see before the end of the story.

No water babies, indeed! There are land babies; then, why not water babies? Are there not water rats, water flies, water crickets, water crabs, water tortoises, water scorpions, water tigers and water hogs, water cats and water dogs, sea lions and sea bears, sea horses and sea elephants, sea mice and sea urchins, sea razors and sea pens, sea combs and sea fans; and of plants, are there not water grass and water crowfoot, water milfoil, and so on without end?

Do not even you know that a green drake, and an alder fly, and a dragon fly live under water till they change their skins, just as Tom changed his? And if a water animal can continually change into a land

¹ **Professor Owen**, a distinguished English professor of anatomy and physiology.

² **Professor Huxley**, a noted naturalist and philosopher.

animal, why should not a land animal sometimes change into a water animal?

If the changes of the lower animals are so wonderful, and so difficult to discover, why should not there be changes in the higher animals far more wonderful, and far more difficult to discover? And may not man, the crown and flower of all things, undergo some change more wonderful than all the rest?

Till you know a great deal more about nature than Professor Owen and Professor Huxley put together, don't tell me about what cannot be, or fancy that anything is too wonderful to be true!

Am I in earnest? Oh, dear, no! Don't you know that this is a fairy tale, and all fun and pretense; and that you are not to believe one word of it, even if it is true?

But at all events, so it happened to Tom. And therefore the keeper, and the groom, and Sir John made a great mistake, and were very unhappy (Sir John at least) without any reason, when they found a black thing in the water, and said it was Tom's body, and that he had been drowned. They were utterly mistaken. Tom was quite alive, and cleaner and merrier than he ever had been. The fairies had washed him, you see, in the swift river, so thoroughly that not only his dirt, but his whole husk and shell had been washed quite off him, and the pretty little

real Tom was washed out of the inside of it, and swam away, as a caddis¹ does when its case of stones and silk is bored through, and away it goes on its back, paddling to the shore, there to split its skin and fly away as a caperer,² on four fawn-colored wings, with long legs and horns. They are foolish fellows, the caperers, and fly into the candle at night, if you leave the door open. We will hope Tom will be wiser, now he has got safe out of his sooty old shell.

But good Sir John did not understand all this; and he took it into his head that Tom was drowned. When they looked into the empty pockets of his shell, and found no jewels there, nor money, — nothing but three marbles and a brass button with a string to it, — then Sir John did something as like crying as ever he did in his life, and blamed himself more bitterly than he need have done.

So he cried, and the groom boy cried, and the huntsman cried, and the dame cried, and the old nurse cried (for it was somewhat her fault), and my Lady cried. The keeper did not cry, though he had been so good-natured to Tom the morning before; and Grimes did not cry, for Sir John gave him ten pounds.

And the little girl would not play with her dolls for a whole week, and never forgot poor little Tom.

¹ cad'-dis, a kind of fly that is hatched in the water.

² ca'-per-er, a kind of insect.

And soon my Lady put a pretty little tombstone over Tom's shell in the little churchyard in Vendale, where the old dalesmen all sleep side by side between the limestone crags.

And the dame decked it with garlands every Sunday, till she grew so old that she could not stir abroad; then the little children decked it for her. And always she sung an old song, as she sat spinning what shall be called her wedding dress. The children could not understand it, but they liked it none the less for that; for it was very sweet and very sad, and that was enough for them. And these are the words of it:—

“When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

“When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place, there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young!”

Those are the words, but they are only the body of it; the soul of the song was the dear old woman's sweet face, and sweet voice, and the sweet old air to which she sang; and that, alas! one cannot put on paper. And at last she grew so still and lame that the angels were forced to carry her; and they helped her on with her wedding dress, and carried her up over Harthover Fells, and a long way beyond that too; and there was a new schoolmistress in Vendale.

And all the while Tom was swimming about in the river, with a pretty little lace collar of gills about his neck, as lively as a grig,¹ and as clean as a fresh-run salmon.

Now, if you don't like my story, then go to the schoolroom and learn your multiplication table, and see if you like that better. Some people, no doubt, would do so. So much the better for us, if not for them. It takes all sorts, they say, to make a world.

XXVIII. KING EDWARD THE FIFTH.

MANY and many a boy has wished that he were a king, and many a girl has thought that, if she were only a queen, she should be perfectly happy; for boys and girls, and sometimes grown

¹ grig, cricket.

people, think that kings and queens must be happy; that they have nothing to do but what they please; that other people must obey them, and that no one can direct them,—and what boy or girl does not like that?



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

But kings and queens are not always happy. Indeed, I doubt very much whether any boy or girl who reads this is not happier in wishing to be a king or queen than if the wish were gratified. Kings and queens usually lead very hard lives, and they cannot by any means do all that they would like to do.

There was once in England a boy who was a king. His name was Edward, and he was called Edward

the Fifth because England had had four kings already who were called Edward.

When Edward was only thirteen years old, his father, who was King Edward the Fourth, died. In most countries that have kings the oldest son of a king himself becomes king upon his father's death. So little Edward, only thirteen years old, was made king; but he would have been much happier if he had been the son of any poor good man in England, because many people want to be kings, and only one in a country can be; so that, if the king is weak, it is quite likely that some one stronger than he will try to get his place.

Little King Edward had an uncle, called the Duke of Gloucester. This duke was a very bad man, and he wanted to be king in Edward's place. He did not say so at once, and he pretended to be very fond of his little nephew. But the King's mother knew that Richard, the Duke of Gloucester, was a bad man, and she was afraid of him. She knew that he wanted Edward's place, but she was helpless. Of course Edward was too young to govern the people of England, so his uncle was made protector to the King, — that is, he was to see that the King's position was made safe, and that the country was wisely governed until Edward should become a man. This gave him the opportunity that he wanted.

The young King had been placed in the care of the Earl of Rivers, who was a friend of the Queen and would take good care of the little boy. But Richard, now protector, charged that Rivers was a traitor, and had him killed. Then he took the little King and his younger brother, only eleven years old, and, pretending to be very friendly, rode with them on horseback. The King rode with his uncle to London. The uncle bowed very low, appearing to have great affection for the boy; then, as if afraid something might happen to him, he had him sent to the Tower of London to live, — claiming that this was the safest place, — and he had the King's younger brother sent there too.

When the Queen heard this, she knew that Richard was bound to have the lives of her boys and the kingly crown. Then Richard arrested all of the great men who had been friends of the late King, and who would protect the little King, claiming that they were traitors, and many of them he killed. Soon he got some wicked men, who were afraid of him, to stand before the people and say that Richard should be King; and some of them cried out, "God save King Richard!" Richard pretended that he did not want this, but it was only a pretense, and soon he said that, if they insisted, he would be their King.

At this time, Sir Robert Brackenberry had charge of the Tower of London, where the little boys were

living, really in prison. No one was King. Then the Duke of Gloucester told Sir Robert to kill the boys. Sir Robert was not bad enough for that, and refused to do it; so Richard placed the Tower in charge of another man, Sir Thomas Tyrrel, to see if he would not kill the boys. Tyrrel was a bad man and a coward. He hired two murderers to do the terrible deed for him.

The little boys, all alone in the great castle, seemed to fear that something terrible was to happen. The older one did his best to comfort the younger, as you see in the picture. (*See Frontispiece.*) Finally, after saying their prayers, they went to bed, and in spite of their fears, were soon sound asleep.

The two murderers crept up the stairs to the door of the chamber where the two little boys were. They listened at the door to see if they were awake. Hearing no noise, they softly opened the door, went stealthily to the side of the bed, and looked down upon the two sleeping children; but no pity stirred their wicked hearts. They took the pillows from the bed and held them down over the faces of the children until they were smothered.

This was the end of the little King Edward; not a happy end. Would he not have been happier had he been the son of a poor man? After the death of the boys, Richard became King; but he, too, had his troubles, as you will read in history.

XXIX. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1807-1892.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

YOU have read about the poet Longfellow, who wrote "The Children's Hour" and "Hiawatha." There was another poet, who was a friend of Mr. Longfellow, and, like him, loved everything beautiful, and especially loved children; though, unlike Mr. Longfellow, he had

none of his own. This poet's name was John Greenleaf Whittier.

Mr. Whittier was a member of the Society of Friends, often called Quakers, a very peaceful people, who do not believe that it is right or Christian to fight. Mr. Whittier could not go to college when he was a boy, as he was too poor; but he studied by himself, and shamed other boys whose parents wanted them to go to school, but who would not study. Mr. Whittier lived to be an old man, and had a very

peaceful and happy old age, because he had done so much good in the world that everybody loved him and tried to make his last years pleasant. Among his poems is one called "The Barefoot Boy," which shows how well he knew boys.

XXX. THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little
man,

Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !

With thy turned-up
pantaloons,

And thy merry whistled
tunes ;

With thy red lip, redder
still

Kissed by strawberries
on the hill ;

With the sunshine on
thy face,

Through thy torn brim's
jaunty¹ grace ;

From my heart I give thee joy, —

I was once a barefoot boy !

¹ jaun'ty, showy.

Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.¹

Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude²
Of the tenants³ of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground nut trails its vine,
Where the wood grape's clusters shine;

¹ re-pub'li-can, of common rank.

² hab'i-tude, habits.

³ ten'ant, one who lives in.

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural¹ plans
Of gray hornet artisans!²
For, eschewing³ books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honeybees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;

¹ ar-chi-tec'tur-al, pertaining to mode of building.

² ar'ti-sans, workmen.

³ es-chew'-ing, avoiding.

Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, unbending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!¹
Still as my horizon² grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex³ Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal⁴ dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied⁵ frogs' orchestra;⁶
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

¹ **Hes-per'i-des.** A fabled garden in Africa which produced golden apples.

² **ho-ri'zon**, extent of vision (literally the edge of the sky).

³ **com'-plex**, difficult to make; complicated.

⁴ **fes'tal**, pertaining to a feast.

⁵ **pied**, spotted.

⁶ **or'ches-tra**, a band of musicians.

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!



XXXI. THE BROWN DWARF OF RÜGEN.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



THE pleasant isle of Rügen
looks the Baltic water o'er,
To the silver-sanded beaches of
the Pomeranian¹ shore;

And in the town of Rambin a
little boy and maid
Plucked the meadow flowers to-
gether, and in the sea surf played.

Alike were they in beauty, if not in their degree:
He was the Amptman's² first-born, the miller's child
was she.

Now of old, the isle of Rügen was full of Dwarfs
and Trolls,
The brown-faced little Earthmen, the people without
souls;

And for every man and woman in Rügen's island
found
Walking in air and sunshine, a Troll was under-
ground.

¹ Pom-er-a'-ni-a. a province of Prussia.

² Ampt'man, chief officer of a province.

It chanced, the little maiden one morning strolled
away
Among the haunted Nine Hills, where the elves and
goblins play.

That day, in barley fields below, the harvesters had
known
Of evil voices in the air, and heard the small horns
blown.

She came not back; the search for her in field and
wood was vain;
They cried her east, they cried her west, but she
came not again.

"She's down among the Brown Dwarfs," said the
dream-wives wise and old,
And prayers were made, and masses said, and Ram-
bin's church bell tolled.

Five years her father mourned her; and then John
Deitrich said:
"I will find my little playmate, be she alive or
dead."

He watched among the Nine Hills, he heard the
Brown Dwarfs sing,
And saw them dance by moonlight merrily in a
ring.

And when their gay-robed leader tossed up his cap
of red,
Young Deitrich caught it as it fell, and thrust it
on his head.

The Troll came crouching at his feet, and wept for
lack of it.

“Oh, give me back my magic
cap, for your great head
unfit!”



“Nay,” Deitrich said; “the
Dwarf who throws his
charmèd cap away

Must serve its finder at his will, and for his folly pay.

“You stole my pretty Lisbeth, and hid her in the
earth;

And you shall ope the door of glass, and let me
lead her forth.”

“She will not come; she’s one of us; she’s mine!”
the Brown Dwarf said;

“The day is set, the cake is baked, to-morrow we
shall wed.”

“The fell fiend fetch thee!” Deitrich cried, “and
keep thy foul tongue still.

Quick! open, to thy evil world, the glass door of the
hill!”

The Dwarf obeyed; and youth and Troll down the
long stairway passed,
And saw in dim and sunless light a country strange
and vast.

Weird,¹ rich, and wonderful, he saw the elfin under-
land, —
Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of golden
sand.

He came unto a banquet hall, with tables richly
spread,
Where a young maiden served to him the red wine
and the bread.

How fair she seemed among the Trolls so ugly and
so wild!
Yet pale and very sorrowful, like one who never
smiled.

Her low, sweet voice, her gold-brown hair, her
tender blue eyes seemed
Like something he had seen elsewhere, or something
he had dreamed.

He looked; he clasped her in his arms; he knew
the long-lost one;
“O Lisbeth! see thy playmate, — I am the Ampt-
man’s son!”

¹ weird, strange.

She leaned her fair head on his breast, and through
her sobs she spoke :

“Oh, take me from this evil place, and from the
elfin folk !

“And let me tread the grass-green fields, and smell
the flowers again,
And feel the soft wind on my cheek, and hear the
dropping rain !

“And oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling of
the tree,
The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices of
the sea !

“And oh, upon my father’s knee to sit beside the
door,
And hear the bell of vespers¹ ring in Rambin church
once more !”

He kissed her cheek, he kissed her lips ; the Brown
Dwarf groaned to see,
And tore his tangled hair, and ground his long
teeth angrily.

But Deitrich said : “For five long years this tender
Christian maid
Has served you in your evil world, and well must
she be paid !

¹ ves’pers, evening prayers.

“Haste! — hither bring me precious gems, the
richest in your store;
Then, when we pass the gate of glass, you'll take
your cap once more.”

No choice was left the baffled Troll; and, murmur-
ing, he obeyed,
And filled the pockets of the youth and apron of
the maid.

They left the dreadful under-land, and passed the
gate of glass;
They felt the sunshine's warm caress, they trod the
soft green grass.

And when, beneath, they saw the Dwarf stretch up
to them his brown
And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed his red
cap down.

Oh, never shone so bright a sun, was never sky so
blue,
As hand in hand they homeward walked the pleasant
meadows through!

And never sang the birds so sweet in Rambin's
woods before,
And never washed the waves so soft along the Baltic .
shore ;

And when beneath his dooryard trees the father met
his child,

The bells rung out their merriest peal, the folks
with joy ran wild.

And soon from Rambin's holy church the twain
came forth as one,

The Amptman kissed a daughter, the miller blest a
son.

John Deitrich's fame went far and wide, and nurse
and maid crooned¹ o'er

Their cradle song: "Sleep on, sleep well, the Trolls
shall come no more!"

For in the haunted Nine Hills he set a cross of
stone;

And Elf and Brown Dwarf sought in vain a door
where door was none.

The tower he built in Rambin, fair Rügen's pride
and boast,

Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Pomeranian
coast;

And, for his worth ennobled,² and rich beyond com-
pare,

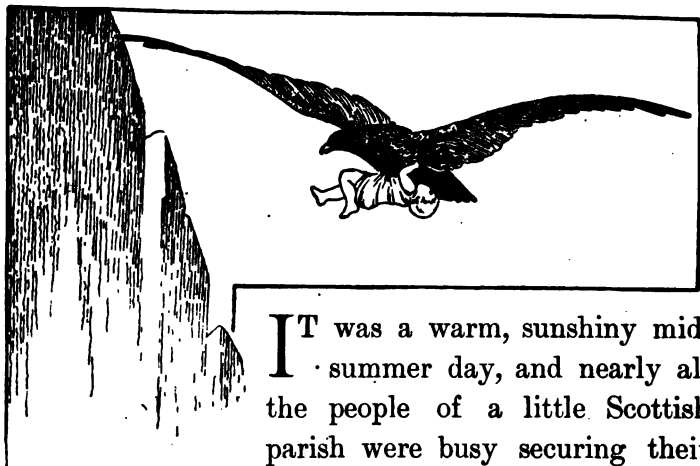
Count Deitrich and his lovely bride dwelt long and
happy there.

¹ crooned, sang in a low tone.

² en-no'bled, raised to a high rank.

XXXII. THE NEST OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

ADAPTED FROM JOHN WILSON ("CHRISTOPHER NORTH.")



IT was a warm, sunshiny midsummer day, and nearly all the people of a little Scottish parish were busy securing their hay. Huge heaped-up wagons that almost hid from view the horses that drew them were moving in all directions toward the snug farmyards. Never before had the parish seemed so prosperous, and the balmy air resounded with song and laughter.

When the trees threw the shade of one o'clock on the green dial face of the earth, the horses were unyoked and took instantly to grazing, while groups of men, women, and children gathered under grove, bush, and hedgerow, preparing thankfully to partake of their "daily bread."

At that moment the great Golden Eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, swooped down and flew away with something in its talons.¹ One single sudden female shriek was heard; then shouts and cries as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at service.

"Hannah Lamond's bairn! Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud, fast-spreading cry. "The eagle has taken off Hannah Lamond's bairn!"

In another instant many hundred feet were hurrying toward the mountain. Many brooks and two miles of hill and dale and copse² lay between; but in an incredibly³ short time the foot of the mountain was alive with people.

The aerie⁴ was well known, and both the old birds were visible on the rocky ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy height, which Mark Stewart, the sailor who had been at the storming of a fort, attempted in vain?

All kept gazing, weeping, wringing their hands, — some rooted to the ground, others running to and fro in dismay.

"What's the use — what's the use of any poor human efforts? We have no power but in prayer!"

¹ tal'ons, claws.

² copse, a thick wood of small growth.

³ in-cred'i-bly, beyond belief.

⁴ ae'rie, the high nest of a bird; an eyrie.

And many knelt down, — fathers and mothers thinking of their own babes.

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person fixed on the aerie. Nobody noticed her, for even pity was lost in the agony of eyesight.

“Only last week was my sweet bairn baptized!” and on uttering these words she flew off through the bush and over the huge stones, up — up — up — faster than ever huntsman ran after escaping deer, fearless as a goat playing among the precipices. No one doubted — no one could doubt — that she soon would be dashed to pieces.

No stop, no stay. She knew not that she drew her breath; she thought not how she was ever to descend, as she climbed up — up — up to her darling.

“The God who holds me now from perishing, — will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?”

Down came the fierce rushing of the eagles’ wings, — each savage bird dashing so close to her head that she saw the yellow of its wrathful eyes. All at once the birds quailed¹ and were cowed, and with loud screams flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff a thousand feet above the cataract.

¹ quailed, shrank away.

A last effort, and the frantic mother, falling across the aerie in the midst of bones and blood, clasps her child,—not dead as she had feared, but unmangled, and swaddled¹ just as it was when she laid it down to sleep among the fresh hay in a nook of the harvest field.

Oh, what a pang of perfect blessedness passed through her heart at that faint, feeble cry! “It lives—it lives—it lives!” and baring her bosom, with loud laughter and eyes as dry stones she felt the lips of the unconscious infant once more murmuring at the fount of life and love!

But how to descend! Below were cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees—far, far down, and dwindled into specks; and a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary or running to and fro!

No hope! no hope! Here she must die; and these horrid beaks and eyes and talons will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect it no more!

But suddenly a rotten branch breaks off from the crumbling rock. Her eyes watch its fall; it seemed to stop not far down on a small platform. She will follow that branch!

She bound her child to her bosom,—she remembered not how or when, but it was safe. Then,

¹ swad'dled, wrapped up.

scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm, root-bound soil, with bushes appearing below!

With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier, and heather, and dwarf birch. Here a loosened stone leaped over a ledge, and no sound was heard, so far down was its fall; there the pebble rattled down the rocks, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous¹ as the cliff.

Steep as the upright wall of a house was now the face of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy, centuries² old, long ago dead and without a single green leaf, but with thousands of arm-thick stems petrified³ into the rock, and covering it as with a trellis. She bound her baby to her neck, and with hands and feet clung to that fearful ladder.

Turning her head and looking down, lo! all the people in the parish — so great was the multitude — on their knees! And hush! the voice of psalms! a hymn breathing the spirit of one united prayer! An unseen hand seemed fastening her hands to the ribs of ivy, and, sudden in faith that her life was

¹ cal'lous, hard; without feeling.

² cen'tu-ries, hundreds of years.

³ pet'ri-fied, turned into stone.

to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature.

Again her feet touched stones and earth. The psalm was hushed; but a tremulous¹ sobbing voice sounded close beside her, and lo! a she-goat, with two little kids, at her feet!

“Wild heights,” thought she, “do these creatures climb, but the dam will lead down her kids by the easiest paths; for, oh! even in the brute creatures, what is the power of a mother’s love!” then turning her head she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept.

Overhead frowned the front of the precipice never before touched by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamed of climbing it; but all the rest of this part of the mountain-side, though scarred and seamed, yet gave some footing, and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the cliff.

Many were now attempting it, and before the cautious mother had followed her dumb guide a hundred yards the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another, and she knew that God had delivered her and her child in safety into the care of their fellow creatures.

There had been trouble and agitation,² much sobbing and many tears, among the multitude while the

¹ trem’u-lous, trembling. ² ag-i-ta’tion, excitement of feeling.

mother was scaling the cliffs; sublime was the shout that echoed afar the moment she reached the aerie; and now that her preservation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood.

She lay as in death. "Fall back, and give her fresh air!" said the old minister of the parish; and the close circle of faces widened about her. Hannah started up from her swoon, and looking wildly around cried, "Oh, the bird, the bird! the eagle! the eagle! the eagle has carried away my bonnie wee Walter! Is there none to pursue?"

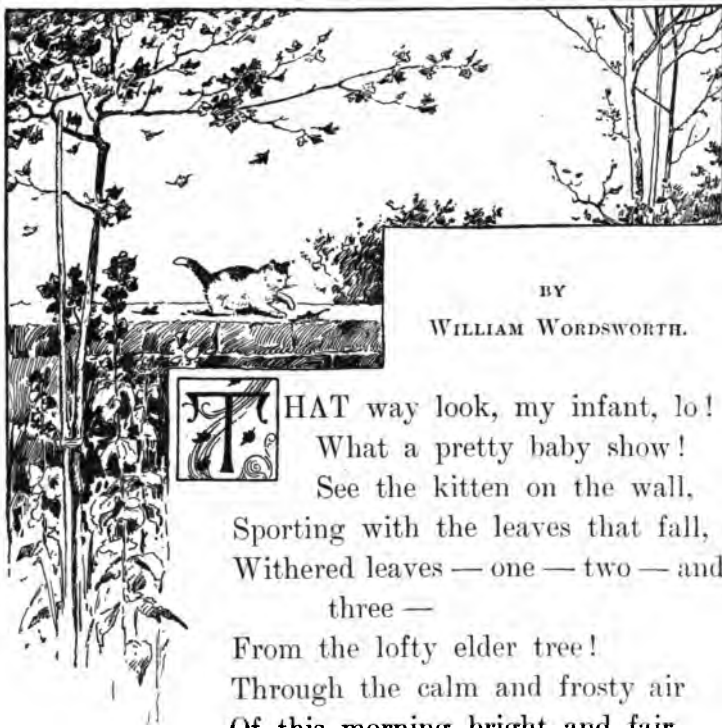
A neighbor put her baby to her breast; and, shutting her eyes and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered¹ creature said, in a low voice, "Am I awake? Oh, tell me if I'm awake, or if all this is the work of a fever or the delirium² of a dream?"

¹ be-wil'dered, greatly perplexed.

² de-lir'i-um, wild fancies.



XXXIII. THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.



BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



THAT way look, my infant, lo!
 What a pretty baby show!
 See the kitten on the wall,
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,
 Withered leaves — one — two — and
 three —
 From the lofty elder tree!
 Through the calm and frosty air
 Of this morning bright and fair
 Eddying¹ round and round, they sink
 Softly, slowly: one might think,
 From the motions that are made,
 Every little leaf conveyed
 Sylph² or fairy hither tending,
 To this lower world descending,

¹ ed'dy-ing, whirling.² sylph, a slender, fairy-like woman.

Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.¹
— But the kitten — how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now — now one —
Now they stop, and there are none.
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap half way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again.
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;²
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands, with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits³ of the crowd?
Over-happy to be proud,
Over-wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure.

¹ *par'a-chute*, a contrivance like an umbrella, for descending.

² *con'jur-er*, one who practices magic arts.

³ *plaud'its*, applause.

'T is a pretty baby treat ;
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet ;¹
Here, for neither Babe nor me,
Other playmate can I see.
Of the countless living things,
That with stir of feet and wings,
(In the sun or under shade,
Upon bough or grassy blade),
And with busy revelings,
Chirp and song, and murmurings,
Made this orchard's narrow space,
And this vale so blithe² a place, —
Multitudes are swept away,
Never more to breathe the day :
Some are sleeping ; some in bands
Traveled into distant lands ;
Others slunk to moor and wood,
Far from human neighborhood ;
And, among the kinds that keep
With us closer fellowship,
With us openly abide,
All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he, that giddy sprite,
Blue-cap, with his colors bright,
Who was blest as bird could be,
Feeding in the apple tree ?

¹ un-meet', unfit.

² blithe, joyous.

Made such wanton¹ spoil and rout,
Turning blossoms inside out;
Hung, head pointing towards the ground,
Fluttered, perched, into a round
Bound himself, and then unbound;
Lithest,² gaudiest harlequin!³
Prettiest tumbler ever seen!
Light of heart, and light of limb,
What is now become of him?
Lambs, that through the mountains went
Frisking, bleating merriment,
When the year was in its prime,
They are sobered by this time.
If you look to vale or hill,
If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighboring rill,
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary⁴ sound.
Vainly glitter hill and plain,
And the air is calm in vain;
Vainly Morning spreads the lure⁵
Of a sky serene and pure;
Creature none can she decoy⁶
Into open sign of joy;
Is it that they have a fear
Of the dreary season near?

¹ wan'ton, free; sportive.

² lith'est, most active; limberest.

³ har'le-quin, clown; merry-maker.

⁴ sol'i-ta-ry, single.

⁵ lure, attraction.

⁶ de-coy', entrap.

Or that other pleasures be
Sweeter even than gayety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
In the impenetrable¹ cell
Of the silent heart which Nature
Furnishes to every creature;
Whatsoever we feel and know
Too sedate² for outward show, —
Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty kitten! from thy freaks;
Spreads with such a living grace
O'er my little Dora's face.
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
That almost I could repine
That your transports³ are not mine;
That I do not wholly fare
Even as you do, thoughtless pair!
And I will have my careless season
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladness,
— Pleased by any random⁴ toy;
By a kitten's busy joy,

¹ im-pen'e-tra-ble, that cannot be entered.

² se-date', serious.

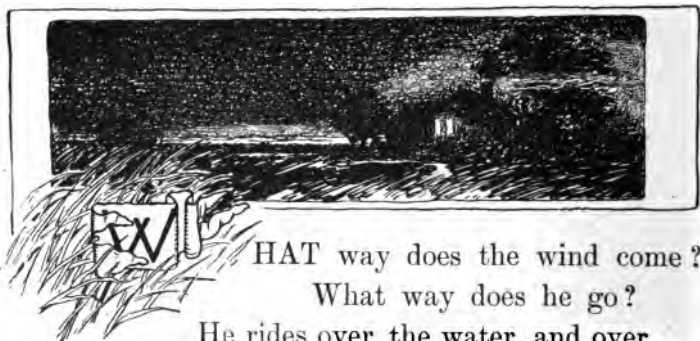
³ trans'ports, delights.

⁴ ran'dom, chance.

Or an infant's laughing eye
 Sharing in the ecstasy;¹
 I would fare like that or this,
 Find my wisdom in my bliss;
 Keep the sprightly soul awake,
 And have faculties² to take,
 Even from things by sorrow wrought,
 Matter for a jocund³ thought;
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,
 To gambol⁴ with Life's falling leaf.

XXXIV. A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.

BY DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.



WHAT way does the wind come?
 What way does he go?
 He rides over the water, and over
 the snow,
 Through wood and through vale; and o'er rocky height
 Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight.

¹ ec'sta-sy, delight.

² fac'ul-ties, powers; gifts of mind.

³ joc'und, jolly; gay.

⁴ gam'bol, sport.

He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp larum;¹ — but, if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;
Yet seek him, and what shall you find in the place?
Nothing but silence and empty space,
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves!

As soon as 't is daylight to-morrow, with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,²
And cracked the branches, and strewn them about;
Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright
twig

That looked up at the sky so proud and big
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded³ with apples, a beautiful show!

¹ lar'um, an alarm; a noise to warn.

² rout, noise; tumult.

³ stud'ded, thickly set, as with jewels

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle.

But let him range¹ round,—he does us no harm;
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;
Untouched by his breath, see the candle shines bright
And burns with a clear and steady light.
Books have we to read—but that half-stifled² knell,³
Alas! 't is the sound of the eight o'clock bell.

Come, now we'll to bed! and when we are there,
He may work his own will, and what shall we care!
He may knock at the door,—we'll not let him in;
May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at his din;
Let him seek his own home, wherever it be;
Here's a cozy warm house for Edward and me.

¹ **range**, rove; wander.

² **half-sti'-fled**, half-smothered.

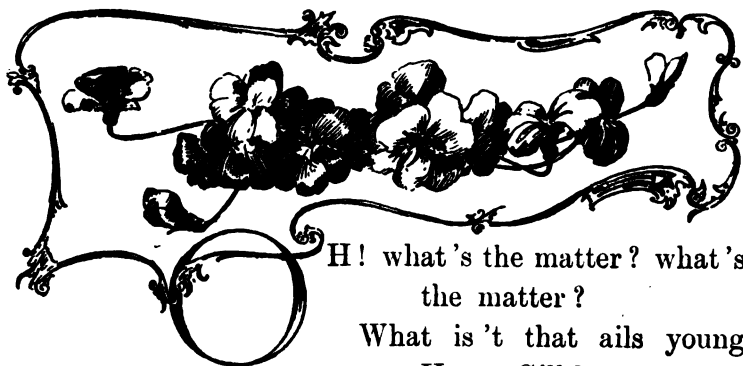
³ **knell**, the stroke of a bell on some sad occasion.



XXXV. GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

A TRUE STORY.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



H! what's the matter? what's
the matter?

What is 't that ails young
Harry Gill?

That evermore his teeth they chatter, —

Chatter, chatter, chatter still!

Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,

Good duffle gray, and flannel fine;

He has a blanket on his back,

And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,

'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;

The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,

His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

At night, at morning, and at noon,
'T is all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still!

Young Harry was a lusty drover, —
And who so stout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;
His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody¹ Blake was old and poor;
Ill-fed she was, and thinly clad;
And any man who passed her door
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling,
And then her three hours' work at night, —
Alas! 't was hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
Remote from sheltered village-green —
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,²
Two poor old Dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor woman! housed alone.

¹ Good'y, old woman.

² pot'tage, food cooked in a pot.

'T was well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome¹ summer day;
Then at her door the canty² dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,³
Oh! then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'T was a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead:
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh, joy for her! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout,
And scattered many a lusty⁴ splinter
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything be more alluring⁵
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?

¹ light'-some, bright.

³ fet'ter, bind.

² can'ty, talkative; sprightly.

⁴ lust'y, large; strong.

⁵ al-lur'ing, attractive.

And, now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake,
And vowed that she should be detected,
That he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take;
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
— He hears a noise, — he's all awake! —
Again! — on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps. 'Tis Goody Blake!
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her;
Stick after stick did Goody pull;
He stood behind a bush of elder
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-way back again to take,

He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you, then, at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God who is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm,—
"God, who art never out of hearing,
Oh, may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,—
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'T was all in vain, a useless matter, —
And blankets were about him pinned;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say, 'T is plain,
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
Abed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
“Poor Harry Gill is very cold.”
Abed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!

XXXVI. MARCH.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE cock is crowing, the stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter, the lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest are at work with the
strongest;
The cattle are grazing, their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

XXXVII. HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



'LL tell you how the leaves
came down,"

The great Tree to his chil-
dren said :

"You 're getting sleepy, Yel-
low and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little
Red.

It is quite time to go to
bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,

"Let us a little longer stay ;

Dear Father Tree, behold our grief !

'T is such a very pleasant day,

We do not want to go away."

So, for just one more merry day

To the great Tree the leaflets clung,

Frolicked and danced, and had their way,

Upon the autumn breezes swung,

Whispering all their sports among —

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,

And let us stay until the spring,

If we all beg, and coax, and fret."

But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed!"

XXXVIII. GREECE AND THE GREEKS.

THE ancient Greeks were a very wonderful people. They lived on a sunny peninsula in southern Europe, with the sea always near them. Their land was interspersed with beautiful hills crowned with trees, and with valleys covered with flowers, and fruits, and grains. Indeed, everything about them was so charming that the Greeks thought more of beauty than of

all things else. Their minds were filled with poetry. They imagined wonderful beings in every spot, belonging to every hill and tree and stream.

These beings were their gods, and about them they told wonderful tales, for they thought that the gods were everywhere and did everything. Every shower,



RUINS OF OLYMPIA.

every flash of lightning, every springtime crop and autumn harvest, every bunch of grapes, every sunset glow, was caused by some god.

As we know from our geographies, this world is a ball flying around the sun; but the Greeks thought it was round and flat like a plate. In the

center was Mount Olympus, where the gods lived. All around it was the River Ocean, which ran from south to north on the western side, and from north to south on the eastern side. Across the middle of this round plate of an earth ran "The Sea," as they called the great Mediterranean and Black seas combined.

In the far north lived a happy people, the Hyperboreans as they were called, and from the caves where they lived came the chill north winds. These people never were sick, nor did they grow old.

In the far south lived the Ethiopians, who were also always happy. The gods were so fond of them that they used to go from Olympus often to eat at their banquets.

Away in the west by the River Ocean were the beautiful Elysian Fields, where good people were sent by the gods to live forever. From the east the sun came, and the moon, rising out of the ocean.

This was the world as the Greeks believed it to be. Their fancies made everything lovely which they did not know. It was only in the middle of this world, where they lived, that trouble ever came. The gods ruled over all. Besides the lesser gods who lived in the brooks and trees, there were the great gods, a whole family of them, who lived on Mount Olympus. These were all the children and grandchildren of Cronos and Rhea, — both of an ancient race known as Titans.

XXXIX. MOUNT OLYMPUS AND ITS INHABITANTS.¹

MOUNT OLYMPUS was shut out from the people who lived on the world by gates of clouds, which were kept by the four goddesses of the seasons, named Horæ, who opened the gates to let the gods out if they wanted to visit the earth, and to let them in when they returned.

On this Mount Olympus, where the gods lived, each had his own house; but for banquets, and when they wished to confer with one another about what was going on upon the earth, they all went to Zeus's palace, which was larger and finer than the rest; for Zeus was the greatest of all the gods, and the king of them all. The Greeks pictured him usually as a great man with long hair and a vast flowing beard, very large and strong, holding in his hands a bundle

¹ In the following stories from Greek mythology, the Greek names have been used. As the Latin equivalents are more commonly known, they are given herewith: —

GREEK.	ROMAN.	GREEK.	ROMAN.
Cronos	Saturn.	Eros	Cupid.
Zeus	Jupiter.	Hermes	Mercury.
Hera	Juno.	Hebe	Juventas.
Phœbus	Apollo.	Pluto	Dis.
Athene	Minerva.	Poseidon	Neptune.
Hephæstus	Vulcan.	Demeter	Ceres.
Artemis	Diana.	Heracles	Hercules.
Ares	Mars.	Persephone	Proserpina.
Aphrodite	Venus.	Eos	Aurora.

of thunderbolts; for it was he who thundered and hurled the shafts of lightning to the earth if he was angry.

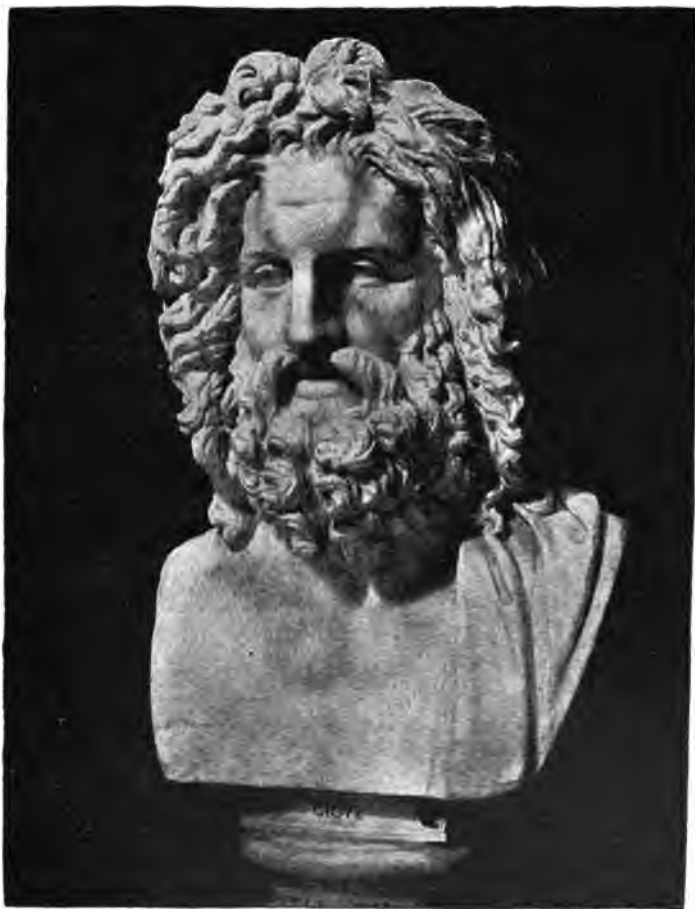
Among the other gods who used to meet at these banquets was Hera, who was Zeus's wife, — a tall, beautiful goddess with yellow hair and blazing eyes, very charming at times, and at other times very bitter and jealous. She was almost the only one who was not afraid of Zeus.

Then there was Phoebus, the god of the sun and of music, who used to play upon the lyre and sing the most beautiful songs, so that even the gods were charmed.

Athene was the goddess of wisdom, a very noble and stately goddess, dignified yet gentle, who gave to men the best of all gifts, wisdom.

Hephæstus was the worker among the gods. He built the palaces in which the gods lived; he made the armor which they wore, the chariots in which they rode, and the tables from which they ate at their banquets. In short, if the gods wanted anything made, they went down to Hephæstus where he worked in his shop underneath Mount Ætna, and he made them whatever they called for, from a palace to a pair of golden shoes.

It is said that Hephæstus once displeased his father Zeus, so that Zeus threw him from heaven. He was a whole day in falling, and was so injured by his



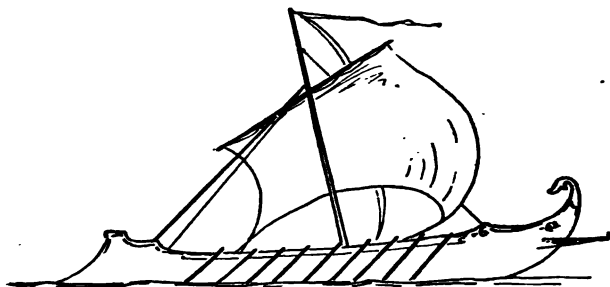
SCULPTOR UNKNOWN.

AN ANTIQUE BUST OF ZEUS.

"For Zeus was the greatest of all the gods, and the king of them all."
(Page 259.)

fall that he was always lame afterwards; but, though lame and ugly, he was very wise, and the gods liked him for the beautiful things he made for them.

Artemis was the goddess of hunting and of the moon, as Phoebus was god of the sun. These two were brother and sister, and furnished nearly all the light men had by day or night. Artemis was tall and strong and swift, and as good a hunter as her brother Phoebus.



A WAR GALLEY.

Ares was the god of war, for war was one of the chief occupations of men. He stirred up nations to strife, and rejoiced in the noise and blood of battle.

Aphrodite¹ was the goddess of love and beauty; she was the most beautiful of all the goddesses, and King Zeus's favorite daughter. No one could look upon her without loving her, and she had almost as many admirers on earth as in heaven. She had a

¹ Aph-ro-dī'te (Af-ro-dī'te).

son, Eros, a mischievous little rascal, who had a bow and arrow with which he used to torment both gods



EROS.

"Eros, a mischievous little rascal, who had a bow and arrow."

and men; for whoever was struck by one of his arrows was sure to fall in love with the first person whom he afterwards met; and as Eros was not at

all careful whom he wounded, or when or where, a great deal of trouble was caused, and a great many were in love with very strange beings.

There were still other gods. There was Hermes, another son of Zeus, who was god of commerce and of gymnastic exercises. He was also Zeus's messenger, and wore wings on his hat and on his sandals; and whenever Zeus wished to send news to the earth, Hermes would fly down faster than you can think, and do his father's bidding. He invented the lyre upon which Phoebus played, and gave it to him for a present.

These gods, and sometimes others, used to meet in the banquet hall of Zeus and talk with one another over the affairs of men and over their own affairs. The food which they ate was called ambrosia, and the drink, nectar, — food and drink for gods alone. They were waited upon by the beautiful little goddess Hebe, who, fleet of foot and sweet of smile, flitted about the banquet tables and supplied their wants.

These banquets were not always as pleasant as they might have been; for the gods did not always agree, and sometimes they had very bitter and very foolish quarrels, — as when three of the goddesses quarreled over the question as to which of them was the most beautiful.

Zeus had two brothers, who did not, however, live on Mount Olympus, though they were great gods.



PRAXITELIS.

HERMES.

"There was Hermes, another son of Zeus. . . . Whenever Zeus wished to send news to the earth, Hermes would fly down faster than you can think, and do his father's bidding." (Page 264.)

Their names were Hades, or Pluto, and Poseidon. These three brothers rebelled against their father Cronos, and conquered him, and then divided his kingdom among themselves,—Zeus taking Olympus; Poseidon choosing to be ruler of the sea; and Pluto having to take as his share all that was left, those regions underneath the earth which were called the lower world.

If you remember, the Greeks thought that the world was flat like a plate, so that under it there would be quite as much room as above it; and here all those who died—that is, all those who ceased to live above the earth—went, and over them Pluto, or Hades, reigned. So his was a great kingdom,—perhaps larger than that of either of his brothers, but dark and gloomy.

These three brothers also had a sister, Demeter by name, and they assigned to her to rule over the fruitful earth. She was the goddess especially dear to the farmers, for she made their fields fertile, and the crops to grow by which they lived.

Besides these great gods there were lesser ones, who were supposed to live in trees and fountains, and were known as nymphs and satyrs. The satyrs were very amusing. They had heads like men, with long pointed ears, and legs and tails like goats, and used to play very many pranks to amuse gods and men.

There were still other gods. Often a great hero

who had done some brave deed in war, or had rendered some great service to man, was made a god and worshiped when he died. Such a one was Hercules, who was the strongest of men, and who performed wonderful feats.

A Greek child could not so much as play at a game, could not cut a whip, or bathe in a stream, without feeling that he was in the presence of some god who might be very angry with him if he did the slightest wrong.

XL. PHAËTHON.

PHŒBUS, the sun god, had a son named Phaëthon.

Now Phaëthon had grown up to be quite a large boy, but still did not know his father, because Phœbus was away all day driving the sun chariot through the heavens. He never missed a day; for if he had, all the earth would have been in darkness, and everybody would have said, "Where is the sun?"

Awful things might have happened. Phœbus knew this, and was very careful. So the light of the sun god's chariot always shone on the earth all day long, except once in a while when his sister Artemis drove the moon chariot across his path, between him and the earth. This men called an eclipse, but it never lasted long.

Thus Phoebus was kept busy all day, and could never see his children. He could not take them riding with him in his chariot, for that would have been dangerous; and at night he had to go to Olympus to dine with the gods, and consult with them afterward. So the little boy Phaëthon had never seen his father.

One day Phaëthon's schoolmates were boasting about their fathers and the wonderful things they could do. Phaëthon at first said nothing, and one of the boys turned to him and said, "You have no father."

"I have indeed," said Phaëthon; "my father is Phoebus, the great sun god. That is he driving his chariot through the heavens now," and he pointed up to the sun.

The boys all laughed at this, and did not believe it. "If he is your father," said they, "why do you not take a ride with him?"

At this Phaëthon was very angry, and ran home in great distress to his mother, and said, "Mother, is not Phoebus, the sun god, my father? The boys say he is not."

"Surely he is," said the mother, "and it is time that you saw him; so I will send you on a journey to him, for the sun rises in the eastern land just next to ours."

At this Phaëthon was delighted, and told the boys, "I am going to visit my father in the land where the



ARTEMIS.

JEAN ANTOINE HOUDON.

"Artemis was the goddess of hunting and of the moon." (Page 262).

sun rises ;” but they laughed at him. “Wait until you see me driving the chariot of the sun myself, then you will believe me.” So off he set upon his journey, full of eager hope, and anxious to see his father.

The palace of the sun was the most beautiful ever built. It was made by Hephæstus, the architect among the gods. It was built on tall columns covered with gold and jewels. The ceilings were made of ivory, and the doors of silver. The most beautiful scenes were painted and carved on the ceilings and walls ; there was a golden sea, with beautiful fishes, and with sea nymphs floating on the waves and riding on the backs of dolphins ; there were pictures of the earth, with forests and towns, flowers and fields ; and there was carved a picture of the heavens, filled with glittering stars.

How do you suppose Phaëthon felt as for the first time he beheld this beautiful palace, and knew that it was his father’s ?

But he went boldly in, and kept on his way until he came to where Phœbus was sitting on the sun throne, with Day and Month and Year and the Hours, Spring and Summer and Autumn and Winter, waiting around him. Phœbus smiled kindly at the boy, and said, “What brings you here, my son ?”

“O Phœbus, my father, Light of the world !” said Phaëthon, “give me some proof that you are my

father, I pray, that I may convince the boys who laughed at me!"

"Indeed I will," said Phoebus. "Ask what you want, and I will do it for you."

At this promise, Phaëthon was delighted, and a bold thought entered his mind. "Let me, then," he said, "drive your chariot for one day!"

His father, though his countenance was as bright as the sun, almost grew pale at this request; it was more than he had expected his son to ask.

"O my boy!" he said, "I beg you not to urge this; you do not know what you ask. Not even the gods can drive my chariot. Zeus himself, though with his right hand he can hurl the thunderbolts, could not drive my steeds.

"The road is high and steep, and runs among terrible monsters,—the bull and the archer, the lion and the scorpion, and the great crab. Besides, the circle of the heavens turns under it, which makes it hard to sit in the seat; then the horses are so fiery that they breathe fire through their nostrils. I am afraid you will imperil earth and heaven, and lose your own life; for I have promised, and must do it if you insist. Ask anything else you will, and I will do it."

But Phaëthon, like many another boy, said: "Oh, I can drive the horses, and you have promised; do not fret for me. You have forgotten what a boy can

do." So Phœbus was obliged sadly to consent, and told the Hours to harness the horses and get the chariot ready.

The chariot was the most wonderful one ever made; even Hephæstus, who built it, never made anything more beautiful. It was all of gold and silver, with diamonds and other precious stones set about it. Never were such horses! They sped away faster than the wind, and they breathed fire as they went.

But the time had come. The stars were slowly led away by the day star; Eos, the rosy-fingered goddess of the morning, rolled away the crimson clouds which are the doors of the east, and everything was ready for the coming of the sun. Phœbus put the rays on the head of the boy, and told him how to drive: "Hold on tight," he said, "and do not use the whip, lest the horses run away. Be careful that you do not drive too high, for you might scorch the heavens, the dwellings of the gods; nor too low, for you might burn up the earth. The middle course is the safest and best."

Phaëthon smiled at this advice of his father. "Oh, I know how to drive," he said, and sprang into the chariot, took the reins, and called out to the eager horses. They rushed forth, and soon left the eastern clouds behind them. They noticed that the chariot seemed light, and the hand that held the reins



AURORA.

"Eos, the rosy-fingered goddess of the morning, rolled away the crimson clouds which are the doors of the east, and everything was ready for the coming of the sun." (Page 272.)

G. UDO HENT.

unsteady ; and away they sped, paying no attention to the feeble pulls of Phaëthon upon the reins.

Up and down, high in the heavens and close to the earth they ran. The great and little bears were so scorched that they thought their end had come. The scorpion, frightened and angered, stretched his two great claws towards him. Phaëthon lost control completely, and dropped the reins over the golden dash-board, and the horses plunged on. So near did they come to the earth that great cities and forests were burned, and mountains — even Olympus, the dwelling-place of the gods — were scorched.

The world was on fire, rivers were dried up ; then the people of Ethiopia became black, and have been so ever since. The plains in Central Africa became so dry that they never produced vegetation afterwards, and the Great Desert of Sahara still remains a proof of Phaëthon's folly.

Then the Earth cried out to Zeus : " O ruler of the gods ! why do you allow us to perish ? What have I and my children done to deserve this punishment, this great heat ? What has your brother who rules in the ocean done that he should be deserted ? Even Atlas, who holds up the heavens, is ready to faint. Unless you save us, all this earth will be chaos again."

Then Zeus, seeing that he must quickly act or the earth would be destroyed, stood upon the tower from

which he sends out the clouds and hurls the thunderbolts, and drove a shaft of lightning straight at the unhappy Phaëthon, who, helpless and half dead with fright, was clinging to the chariot, himself all scorched by the intense heat he had caused. He fell into the River Po, where the nymphs cooled his burning frame, and the horses, overcome by the lightning, stopped for a moment until Phœbus reached them and resumed the reins.

XLI. PERSEPHONE.¹

YOU remember that Pluto, brother of Zeus, was god of the lower world, the kingdom of darkness known as Hades and Tartarus.

Demeter, the goddess of the fruitful fields, had a beautiful daughter named Persephone. She was still but a child, a lovely young girl, who used to play in the fields, her mother's realm, gathering lilies and violets and scattering them about her.

Now, Aphrodite was very proud of the fact that she and her son Eros ruled almost all of the universe, that very few of gods or men escaped their control, and she did not like it that Persephone, though still young, had never loved any one or been loved by any one except her mother.

One day she saw Pluto, the god of Tartarus,

¹ Per-seph'o-ne (Per-sef'o-ne).

riding in his chariot, drawn by black horses, and she said to her son Eros: "Persephone despises our power; let us make her the victim of this black monarch. We will make him fall in love with her, seize her, and carry her off to Tartarus, and there marry her and make her his queen. Do you only do your part, and we shall rule below the world as well as above it."

So Eros laid an arrow on his bow, and as the black monarch came riding by, shot it straight at his heart. When one's heart was pierced by Eros's arrow he did not die, but merely fell in love with the first object he saw, which in this case was the beautiful young Persephone, who was in the field near by gathering flowers.

Pluto immediately loved her violently. He stopped his horses in the meadow, rushed from his chariot, and seized the frightened girl in his arms. She was almost overcome with fear, and struggled and cried out for her mother, Demeter; but Demeter was far away, and did not hear her daughter cry, nor know that she was helpless in the hands of the powerful god; so he carried her to his chariot, while her flowers fell out upon the ground by the way.

The goddess of the River Cyane, who loved and pitied the poor girl, tried to stop his passage; but he struck the bank with his scepter, and the earth opened and let him through it down to Tartarus.

There he married the beautiful Persephone, and made her queen of all his gloomy realm.

When Demeter came back and missed her daughter, she was wild with grief, and searched for her all the world over. Eos, when she came to let in the morning, found her searching; and Hesperus, when he shut out the sun and led in the stars for the evening, never failed to see and pity this sad, bereaved mother. But it was all in vain. The daughter could not be found.

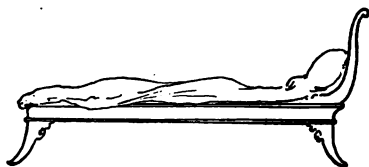
One day during her travels she came to the River Cyane. The river goddess who had opposed the passage of Pluto wished to tell Demeter where Persephone had gone, but was afraid of Pluto's anger if she did so. So she took up the girdle of Persephone, which the poor girl had dropped in her flight, and threw it at the feet of the mother. Demeter, seeing this, knew that she must have gone under the earth, and began to blame the land.

"No more," said she, "shall you enjoy my favors." So the seed failed to sprout, the cattle perished, people starved. Then Arethusa, the nymph of a fountain on that land, said to Demeter: "Goddess, do not blame the land; it is true your daughter passed through it, but it opened only at the will of a powerful god. I have seen Persephone, and can tell you where she is. She is in Tartarus, where she is queen of the great god Pluto. When I saw her, she looked sad but queenly."

When Demeter heard this she was overcome with grief, and hurried up to heaven to tell her brother, King Zeus, of her troubles, and to ask his aid in regaining her daughter. He promised to help her, and told Hermes to go down and see if Pluto would release his bride, that she might go to dwell with her mother.

Hermes put on his cap and winged sandals, and quicker than a flash was at the gates of Tartarus. Then, although the keeper tried to prevent him, he rushed through and hastened to the palace of Pluto and into the presence of the great god, where he announced that he was come from Zeus to ask the release of Persephone.

Pluto said that he would let her go if she had eaten nothing since she came to his realm. Poor Persephone! She had eaten some seeds from a pomegranate that Pluto had given her. This was enough; she could not go. But Pluto was not altogether heartless, though his kingdom was dark and gloomy; and he finally agreed that she should spend two thirds of the time on earth with her mother, and the remainder of the year in Tartarus with him.



XLII. THE BEGINNINGS OF THINGS.

THE Greeks used to wonder, as many people have wondered since, how everything began, — how the gods themselves began, who were the first men and how they came, and what there was before the world was made. And they had stories to explain it all.

They said that in the beginning there was nothing solid, nothing had any shape. All space was filled with small particles, like mist or dust floating about, and all was dark. This was called chaos.

Then some god separated the flying particles of mist into parts, made them solid, and so arranged them that the world appeared. He hollowed out the ocean bed and filled it with water, built up the mountains of rocks, dug channels for the rivers and set the water flowing, laid out the sandy deserts, covered the plains with rich earth and started the flowers and the grass and the woods growing. Then he put fish into the water, and birds and beasts on the land; but still there was no one to control them.

Now, Prometheus¹ was one of the old race of Titans, the same race to which Cronos, the father of Zeus and of all the gods, belonged. He and his brother Epimetheus² were greatly interested in this

¹ Pro-me'-theus (Pro-me'thuse).

² Ep-i-me'-theus (Ep-i-me'thuse).

new earth, and saw that it needed a ruler. So Prometheus took some earth, kneaded it in some water, molded it into the shape of one of the gods, as you mold objects from clay in your school, stood it upright, gave it life, and called it man.

But, though man was more beautiful to look upon than any of the other beings on the earth, and was wiser, he was very much weaker than many of the animals, and Prometheus saw that since his new man was to live with these great beasts, he must have some gift greater than any which they had, — something which he could use in many ways.

So Prometheus went up to heaven and asked Athené, who was the wise goddess, to help him with her advice. She told him to take a hollow reed and go quietly up to the fiery chariot of Phoebus, the sun god, and to steal some fire in his reed. This he did, and took the fire down to earth and gave it to man. Then man was able to care for himself, to protect himself against the cold and the beasts, to cook his food, to dig into the earth and get metal, and, by melting it, to mold it into articles for his use.

Indeed, he had the greatest gift that Prometheus could possibly have given him, and Zeus was very angry when he heard about it. He was afraid that man would some time make him trouble if he had this great power ; so he caught Prometheus and bound



ATHENE.

PHIDIAS.

"Athené was the goddess of wisdom, a very noble and stately goddess." (Page 260.)

him fast upon a mountain, where he was sorely punished, until, many years afterwards, Hercules released him. But, though Zeus punished Prometheus, he did not try to take away fire from man; so we still have this blessing, which came first directly from the sun.

James Russell Lowell, in his fine poem, "Prometheus," puts these words of defiance to Zeus in the mouth of the suffering Titan: —

"I am that Prometheus who brought down
The light to man, which thou, in selfish fear,
Hadst to thyself usurped, — his by sole right,
For Man hath right to all save Tyranny, —
And which shall free him yet from thy frail throne."

The gods were greatly pleased with this new being, man, upon the earth, so like themselves. But Zeus saw that he must be lonely, and sent him as a companion a lovely woman, whom he called Pandora. He gave her a box full of marriage gifts which had been made up for her by all the gods, each god putting in something.

So there was upon the new world a man and a woman, and they were very happy; and soon their children grew up around them, until the earth had many people. And there was no one who wished to harm any one else. This time was ever afterwards known as the Golden Age.

Thus, the Greeks believed, the earth was made and filled with people.

XLIII. THE QUARREL OF THE GODDESSES.

ONCE there was a wedding between a celebrated king named Peleus and a nymph named Thetis. Peleus was a friend of many of the gods, and so he decided to ask them all to his wedding; but, by some oversight in sending out his invitations, Eris, the goddess of strife, did not receive one, and she was very angry, and determined to ruin the wedding feast. So she took a golden apple and wrote on it in large letters these words: "For the most beautiful goddess," and threw it into their midst.

The goddesses all sprang for it, each hoping that it was for her. When they saw the inscription, one by one, all but three, modestly withdrew their claims. These three were Athene, goddess of wisdom, Aphrodite, goddess of love, and Hera, queen of heaven and King Zeus's wife. Of these not one would yield to the others, each insisting that she was the most beautiful.

Finally they asked Zeus to decide who was to have the golden apple; but he was too shrewd for that. He knew that the two defeated ones would not be satisfied; so he said that they were all so beautiful that he could not tell. "But," he added, "I will tell you who can decide for you."

“On Mount Ida, near the eastern end of the Great Sea, is a young man named Paris, the handsomest of all young men on the earth. He is the son of King Priam of Troy. Before he was born, a prophetess said that he would be a firebrand to burn up the city; so his father sent him, when a baby, out into the woods on Mount Ida, to perish. There a shepherd found him, took him to his home, and raised him as a shepherd boy, naming him Paris. He grew up to be the handsomest man in the world, a great favorite with women, and a judge of beauty. He will answer your question, and tell you truly who should have the golden apple.”

So these three goddesses went quickly in their golden chariots to Mount Ida, where they found the young Paris tending his sheep. As they came to him he rose from the ground very gracefully, and, blushing a little, asked them what they wanted; for he thought they were three beautiful women, and did not know that they were goddesses. They told him that they had come to ask him to decide which of them was the most beautiful. “Surely, ladies,” said he, “I cannot decide that; you are all so beautiful.”

But they insisted; so he said that he would take time to consider, and tell them on the morrow. This was what the goddesses wanted, too; so, after he had looked at them carefully, they went away,



HERA.

"Hera, queen of heaven, and King Zeus's wife." (Page 283.)

but later each came back, one at a time, to try to persuade Paris to give her the prize. Hera promised him, if he would decide for her, all the riches he could wish, and that he might be king of Asia. Athene promised him great glory and renown as a soldier. But Aphrodite, who knew him best, told him if he would decide for her he should have the most beautiful woman in the world for his wife.

It did not take Paris long to decide, and when they came together in the morning he said, "Aphrodite is the most beautiful, and she shall have the golden apple." You may be sure that the other goddesses did not like this; and when, afterwards, Paris found out who his father was, and went to live with him in the palace of the king at Troy, the angry goddesses determined that, to spite Paris, Troy should be destroyed.

XLIV. THE TROJAN WAR.

THE most beautiful woman in the world was the wife of Menelaus,¹ king of one of the countries of Greece. Her name was Helen. Because of her beauty, before her marriage all the princes of Greece had sought her hand; but before she made her choice they solemnly promised that whomsoever she might

¹ Men-e-lā'-us.

choose, the rest would always defend her from all harm. She then chose Menelaus, and became his queen.

Paris, then a prince in the palace of his father at Troy, was told by Aphrodite that the beautiful Helen was the woman she had promised him, and she advised him to go to the kingdom of Menelaus and take her, by force if necessary. He went, and as soon as he saw Helen he wickedly determined to steal her and carry her away to Troy.

Then, with the aid of Aphrodite, he disguised himself to look like Menelaus, who was away from home, and went to Helen and told her that she was to go with him on a long journey by sea. She believed him to be Menelaus and went with him without question, and he took her across the sea to Troy, and then, when it was too late for her to go back, removed his disguise.

When Menelaus came home and found that his queen was missing, he at once called together all the princes of Greece who had promised to defend Helen, told them what had happened, and urged them to fulfill their promises. They consented, and each agreed to furnish an army to make war on Troy and bring back Helen to her husband.

In a short time a great army was gathered; their leaders were noble heroes, brave in war and wise in council. Besides Menelaus, there was his brother

Agamemnon, a great and powerful king, who was made chief of all the armies that went against Troy. He was brave and large and strong. The bravest of the Greeks was Achilles. He was so great a warrior that no one could meet him in single combat, but he was jealous and proud. Then there was Ulysses, who was not only a brave warrior but was known as the wisest of the Greeks; no one was bright enough to deceive him, and his counsel was always sought. There was also Nestor, the oldest of all the Greek princes, who had been in many wars before, and was very wise. No action was ever taken until Nestor had been consulted.

These princes and many, many more gathered at the seashore, with countless soldiers and ships enough to carry them, all bound for Troy. After a stormy voyage they reached the Trojan shores, and encamped about the great city. Here for ten years they carried on the war, sometimes the Greeks and sometimes the Trojans winning.

Finally a great misfortune befell the Grecian army; this is all told in a famous poem by an old blind Greek poet whose name was Homer, which some time you will read, I hope, in its own beautiful Greek-language.

The dreadful thing which I mentioned was a terrible pestilence. The Greeks died in great numbers, and funeral piles were burning every day. For nine days men kept dying, and no one knew the cause.

Then Achilles¹ called together the chiefs and urged them to consult the gods and see which one was angry, and for what. Calchas,² who was the chief of the prophets, told them what the trouble was.

Two beautiful maidens, Chryseïs³ and Briseïs,⁴ friends of the Trojans, had been taken by the Greeks in battle. In olden times, when any one was taken prisoner in war he was either killed or made a slave; these two girls were given as slaves to King Agamemnon and the brave Achilles, as prizes for the heroic deeds which they had done.

Chryseïs was the daughter of a priest of Phœbus, and he had come with much money to buy back his fair-faced daughter; but Agamemnon had become very fond of his beautiful slave, and would not sell her, although her father begged for her with tears. He went home and prayed to Phœbus, whose priest he was, to help him.

Then Phœbus was very angry with the Greeks because of the insult to his priest Chryses, and, leaning over from the heavens, he looked fiercely at the Grecian armies. Then he took his great silver bow, and placing upon it an arrow, drew the bow, and with a loud twang sent the arrow down among the Greeks, killing and wounding many; then he shot another, and another, and another, until the

¹ A-ohil'les (A-kil'-ēz).

² Cal'chas (Kal'kas).

³ Chry-se'is (Kri-se'is).

⁴ Bri-se'is.

Greeks died in scores. This was the pestilence which wrought such havoc among them.

And Calchas said, "Nor will he withdraw his heavy hand from our destruction until the black-eyed maid, freely and without ransom, is restored to her beloved father."

At these words of Calchas the prophet, Agamemnon was very angry, and declared that if he must give up his slave Chryseïs, he, as king, would take Briseïs, who had been given to Achilles. At this Achilles became angry, and declared that he would not give up his slave; but Agamemnon insisted, and, as he was king, could do what he chose. Then Chryseïs was sent back to her father, and Phœbus's anger was removed, and no more Greeks died of the pestilence.

But Agamemnon was bound that he would not suffer the loss of his slave, and sent his heralds to take Briseïs from Achilles's tent. This selfish act nearly cost the Greeks the victory; for Achilles was so angry that he declared that the Trojans might conquer, and he would never lift his hand to defend the Greeks, but that he would go back to the hills of his native Greece. For many days he sat sulking in his tent, while the Trojans drove the Greeks to their ships, which they almost burned, and the Greeks were in despair. Thus began a bitter quarrel between the two great heroes, Agamemnon and Achilles.

XLV. THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

HECTOR was the great hero of the Trojans, as Achilles was of the Greeks. He was the son of King Priam, and the brother of Paris, whose wicked deed caused the Trojan War. Hector was very brave and strong, and led the Trojan army to frequent victory, especially while Achilles was sulking in his tent and refusing to fight because of the loss of Briseïs.

One day Patroclus,¹ the dearest and most intimate friend of Achilles, ashamed of the frequent defeat of the Greeks, begged Achilles to lend him his beautiful armor, that he might go and lead his people to victory; but Achilles's armor did not give Achilles's strength, and rash Patroclus was met by Hector in conflict, and fell before the Trojan hero.

When Achilles heard that his friend Patroclus was slain, he was aroused from his carelessness, and declared that he would again fight to avenge his friend. So, at the request of his mother, Hephæstus forged for him a new suit of armor, the most beautiful that was ever made, and Achilles again led the Greeks against the enemies' walls, driving the Trojans within their gates, and seeking everywhere for Hector, that he might slay him.

¹ Pa-tro'clus.



ALBERT MAIGNAN

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

Hector, within the walls of the city, saw the continued defeat of his countrymen, and resolved to go out and lead them again to victory. His wife Andromache¹ begged him not to go, for she feared that some dreadful thing would happen to him; but he was no coward, and would not be detained. He put on his armor, and, bidding a tender farewell to his dear wife, who still clung to him, entreating him to stay with her, rushed out to battle.

Before long he met the great Achilles, raging and fighting bravely, but still seeking Hector. Then followed a terrible battle between the two greatest heroes of the war; but the gods were with Achilles, and helped him, so that finally Hector fell, pierced by the spear of Achilles. Thus was lost to Troy her bravest defender, and beautiful Andromache was left to mourn.

XLVI. THE WOODEN HORSE.

THE Greeks did not give up the siege and go home, as some wanted to do, but kept on with the war. There were many battles between the armies, and single combats between heroes on the two sides, and many noble Greek warriors were slain, and some of the bravest of the Trojan defenders fell; all

¹ **An-drom'-a-che** (An-drom'-a-ke).

of which you will read in Homer's great poem, "The Iliad." But still Troy did not fall.

The walls were immensely high and strong, and the great gates through which the people went in and out were shut or guarded by bands of strong men. Finally, the Greeks, having lost all hope that they should ever conquer Troy by war, decided to try a trick. They built a great wooden horse, higher than the walls of the city. This they put on wheels, and filled with soldiers; then they pretended that they were going back to Greece, and got on board their ships and sailed out of sight.

But they sent word to the Trojans that this great horse was a gift to the gods to gain for them a safe journey home, and that if they did not take it and place it within the walls near the temple, the gods would be very angry and would punish Troy. The Trojans were very happy at seeing the Greeks sail away, being sure that their long siege was now ended, and that they were free to go outside the city and enjoy themselves in the fields, as they had not been able to do for these ten long years; so they broke down the walls, and wheeled in the great horse. The soldiers left their guard, and all took to eating and drinking and having a jolly time, as if no harm could happen to them. Foolish Trojans, little did they know the Greeks!

In the middle of the night, when the Trojans were

all fast asleep, the Greeks sailed back in their ships to the Trojan shore, and crept up underneath the walls; then those soldiers who had been shut up in the wooden horse opened a door in the great body, and came out; they killed the sleeping guard, threw open the gates of the city, and let in the Greek armies that were waiting outside. Poor Troy! This was its last night. The soldiers and the princes and the king himself were awakened by the Greeks in their houses. Everything that could burn was set on fire, and all the people were killed except a few who managed to escape from the city and to flee to other lands.



This was the great Trojan War which lasted ten long years, and which all grew out of the foolish quarrel of the three goddesses over the question as to which of them was the most beautiful. Would you like to know what became of Helen and Paris?

Paris received a wound in the war, from which he afterwards died; and no one mourned him, because he had been the wicked cause of so much trouble. Helen, being freed from her captivity by the downfall of Troy, went back to Greece with her husband Menelaus, where they lived in happiness for many years, and finally were sent by the gods to the happy Elysian Fields, which were situated on the western side of the world near the River Ocean.

XLVII. THE OLYMPIAN GAMES.

THE Greeks were very fond of all sports which could make the body strong. They made more of them than any other nation has ever done. Once in four years they had a great festival, to celebrate what they called the Olympian Games. Many thousands of people came together upon a wide plain to see the contests of skill among men and boys from all parts of Greece. The great games were running races, wrestling matches, horse races, and chariot races. There were games for boys as well as for men.

In most of the games the men and boys wore little or no clothing, and had their bodies oiled ; but there was one race in which the men wore the heavy armor that they were accustomed to wear in war. The prizes seemed very simple ; they were nothing more than crowns made of leaves of the wild olive tree ; but to wear one of these crowns was the greatest honor that could be given to a Greek. The whole nation to which the winner belonged thought itself honored, and he went home covered with glory.

So highly did the Greeks esteem these games that they counted their time from them. The four years between two festivals was called an Olympiad. *We* reckon time from the birth of Christ ; when we say,



MYRON.

DISCOBOLUS, OR THE QUIT-THROWER.

this is the year 1897, we mean that it is 1897 years since Christ was born. To show the time in which anything happened, the Greek would say, the second year of the fifth olympiad, or the third year of the tenth olympiad.

Because the Greeks gave so much thought to contests of strength and skill, they became the strongest and most graceful and most beautifully formed people of the world, and that is perhaps one reason why the statues of their gods and goddesses were the most beautiful statues that have ever been made.

XLVIII. THE SPARTANS AND LEONIDAS.

THE Greeks did not all belong to one nation. Their land was divided into a number of parts, very much as the United States is; only, these parts were not united under one government as our states are. These states, too, were often at war with one another. But when a common enemy appeared, they all fought together against it, and made the state that was known as the bravest and strongest the leader for the war. One of these states was called Sparta. You can find it on your maps away in the southern part of Greece in a peninsula called the Peloponnesus.¹

¹ Pel-o-pon-ne'sus.

The people of Sparta were especially brave and warlike; indeed, they cared for little else than war. A Spartan boy, when he was seven years old, was taken away from his mother and brought up among the men; for the men did not live with their families in Sparta, but all lived together in a big hall, apart by themselves. All ate at the same table, and they could only visit their wives and children by stealing away at night.

Here the boys were given such training as their fathers thought would make them brave soldiers. Most Spartan boys had very little clothing and very little food; if they wanted more to eat than was given them, they could get it only by hunting wild animals or by stealing; for they were not punished for stealing unless they were caught at it, and then they were punished, not for stealing, but for being caught.

They were taught to read, and that was all the education from books which they had. But every boy was trained to run, to jump, to wrestle, to fight, and to hunt. He must not show any feeling. If a boy cried when he was hurt, he was despised by all the others, and made very much ashamed. The boys were often whipped terribly, but must not cry nor wince; if they did, they were not thought worthy to be Spartans.

The training of the girls, while not quite as

hard, was very much like that of the boys, except that they lived at home with their mothers. When the boys grew up, they became soldiers. They lived to fight. Even the women, while they did not go to war themselves, thought it a disgrace if their boys did not; and if their boys came back defeated, they were more sorry than if they had been killed.

The parting word which the Spartan mother gave her boy as he was leaving her to go to war, was, "Come back *with* your shield, or *on* it," which meant, come back victorious, or do not come alive. For the Spartans carried very large and strong shields in battle, and if one lost his shield he was forever disgraced. When a Spartan soldier was killed, his body was laid upon his long shield and so brought home, where it was looked upon as a great honor to have died fighting bravely.

There was once a king of Sparta named Leonidas,¹ who was very brave and strong; for no one was thought worthy to be king who was not braver than his people. When Leonidas had been king but a few months, Xerxes,² king of the Persians, a people who lived away to the east of the Great Sea, came with a vast army to make war on the Greeks. He had more soldiers than could be counted, more than all the people to be found in Greece, and he had beside his vast army a great

¹ Le-on'i-das.

² Xerxes (Zerx'ez).

fleet of ships. The Greeks at once made the brave Spartans their leaders, and prepared to defend themselves against Xerxes.

There was just one road by which the enemy could march into Greece, and this was a narrow pass over a mountain at a place named Thermopylæ.¹ If the Greeks could defend that, they could keep the Persians out; and so Leonidas hurried to Thermopylæ with a small band of soldiers to hold the pass against Xerxes until the rest of the Grecian army should arrive.

The pass was a narrow road between high cliffs, where a few could defend themselves against a great host. It was easier to guard such a pass in those days than it would be now. Now, the enemy would simply place some cannon at a distance, and shoot cannon balls right into the midst of the defenders until the way was made clear. But then they had no guns nor cannon; gunpowder was not known, and men in war shot arrows from bows, as our Indians used to do, or fought hand to hand with swords and spears. So, in defending such a place as the pass at Thermopylæ, a few were as good as a great many, since only a few could fight at a time.

Here Leonidas with his little army placed themselves, and for many days Xerxes, with his count-

¹ Ther-mop'y-læ.

less soldiers, tried to drive them out, but could not do it. The Greeks, from behind their sheltering walls, would rush out and kill great numbers of the Persians, while but few of their own number were hurt. Xerxes was in despair and furiously angry. Here he was, with the largest army that had ever been gathered in the world, and yet he could not conquer nor pass Leonidas with his little troop.

Finally a Greek, not one of Leonidas's people, however, turned traitor, and went to Xerxes and told him of a secret path by which his army could go around the mountain and come out in the rear of the Greeks. This man's name was Ephialtes.¹ Do you wonder that the Greeks ever afterward hated his name, just as the American people hate the name of Benedict Arnold?

Xerxes was very glad to know of this path, and, as quickly as he could, sent a large company of his soldiers, led by Ephialtes, across the mountain. When Leonidas saw the Persians coming down this secret path, he knew that he had been betrayed, and that there was no hope. In a short time the Persians would be both in his front and rear, so that he could not escape. He quickly sent away as many of his soldiers as would go, that their lives might be spared, but said that he and his Spartans

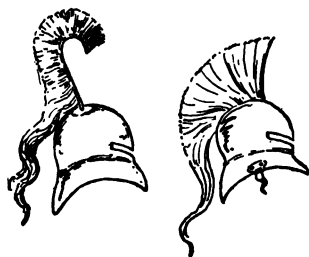
¹ Eph-i-al'tes (Ef-i-al'tez).

would not leave; they would stay and die rather than return to Sparta in disgrace.

Some of the other soldiers said that they, too, would stay. So there they were, this little band of brave men, surrounded by countless hosts of enemies, determined to defend their country as long as a single one remained. Not a man flinched or failed. Seizing their weapons, they rushed into the midst of the Persian army, killing all they could; but they could not last long.

Soon Leonidas, their leader, fell, covered with wounds. The Persians rushed in to seize his body, that they might bear it away to Xerxes in triumph; but the Greeks closed around it, determined that none should have the body of their beloved Leonidas so long as a single defender lived. And thus they fought till every man was slain.

The name Leonidas means lion-like. The Greeks said surely he was well named; and they built, in his honor, a monument in the form of a lion.



XLIX. TUBAL CAIN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.



LD Tubal Cain was a
man of might
In the days when
earth was young;
By the fierce red

light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, — “Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the Spear and Sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!”

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.

And they sang, — “Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! Hurrah for the fire!
And hurrah for the metal true!”

But a sudden change came o’er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
And the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage, blind.
And he said, — “Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellowman!”

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o’er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang, — “Hurrah for my handiwork!”
As the red sparks lit the air;

Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,
As he fashioned the First Plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the Past,
In friendship joined their hands.

Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall
And plowed the willing lands;

And sang, — "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!

Our stanch good friend is he.

And for the Plowshare and the Plow

To him our praise shall be.

But while Oppression lifts its head,

Or a tyrant would be lord,

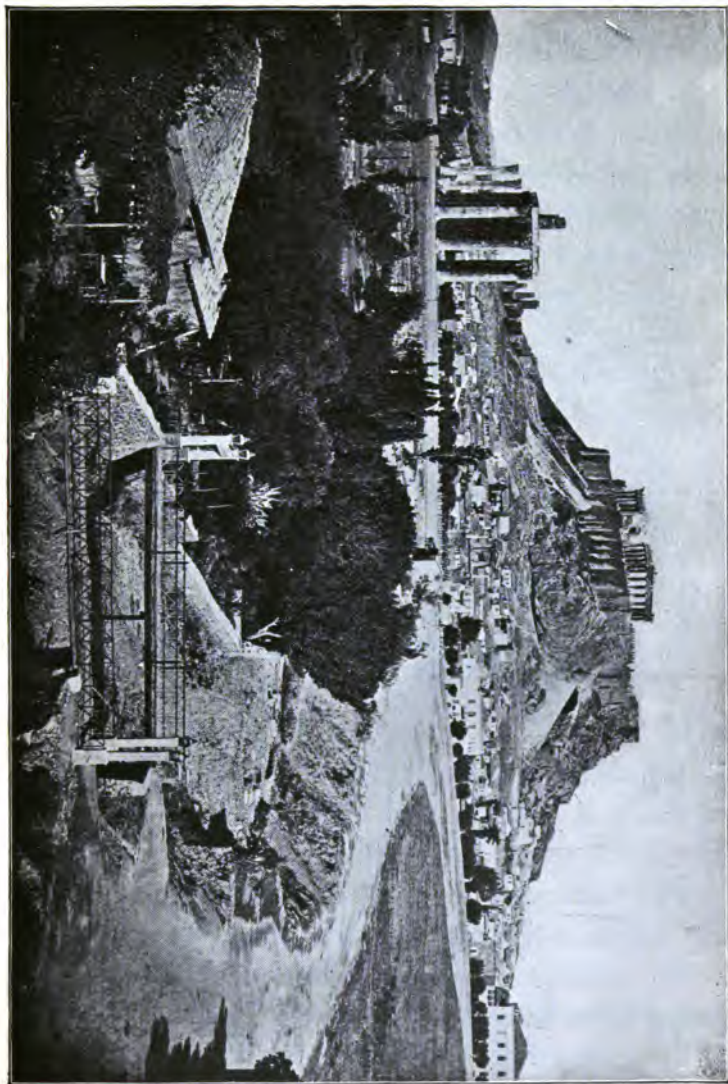
Though we may thank him for the Plow,

We'll not forget the Sword!"

L. ATHENS AND THE ATHENIANS.

ATHENS was a city in Greece even more famous than Sparta, and famous for very different reasons. Although its people were brave, they were not so warlike as the Spartans, but they were better educated, and lived in a much more elegant and showy way.

The Spartans despised money, cared very little for their homes, thought nothing of comfort or refinement, and were anxious only to be good soldiers. They did



"In the midst of the city was a hill called the Acropolis, which was covered with beautiful temples." (Page 308.)

not have fine buildings, books, or pictures, or any of those beautiful things that most people value and work for.

The Athenians were the best educated and the most refined people that had ever lived, up to their time. Their poets were the greatest poets of the world, and no modern country has such paintings, statues, or buildings as were found in the little city of Athens.

In the midst of the city was a hill called the Acropolis, which was covered with beautiful temples.



In these were found wonderful statues, some made of marble and some of ivory and gold, and no sculptors who have lived since have been able to make statues so fine. Many of the most beautiful buildings of to-day are merely copies of the old Greek temples.

The Spartans, you remember, were trained to be strong by running races, wrestling, and other exercises in the gymnasium. Besides these, they were taught to read, but that was all.

The Athenians trained the body, but they also trained the mind. The education of an Athenian boy was divided into two parts, gymnastics and music; but music meant much more than it does now. Among the gods whom the Athenians worshiped were nine goddesses known as the Muses, who had special care of the arts, such as music, poetry, dancing, and learning in general.

The word music means anything sacred to the Muses, and an Athenian boy who was taught music, as they called it, might learn to sing, to write poetry, to speak in public, to dance, and to tell the stars by name. When he grew up, he did not despise money, but desired it for the good things it would buy.

LI. DEMOSTHENES.

THERE was a boy in Athens who wanted to be an orator; that is, he wanted to be able to speak to large crowds of people so that they would do what he said. His father, who had been a great general of the armies of Athens, died when the boy was very young, and left his money in care of some bad men, who spent it.

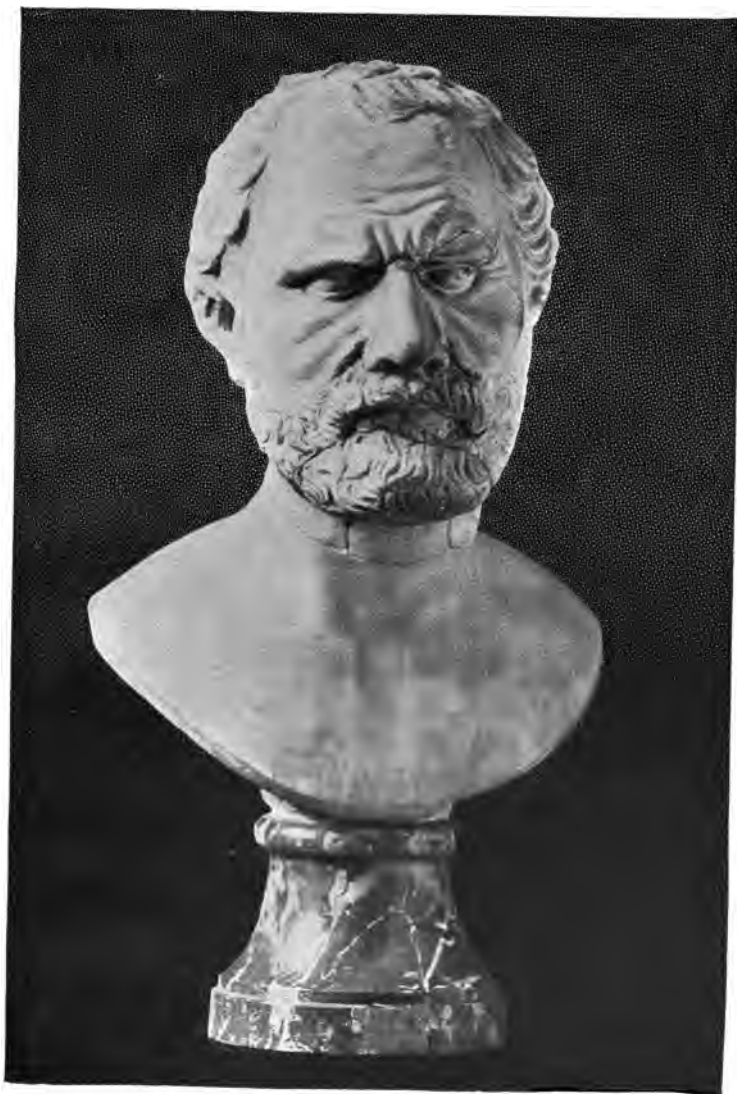
When Demosthenes, for that was the boy's name, was old enough to know this, he asked them to give him his money. They could not do it, because they

had spent it; so the boy went before the judges and told them his story. He did this so well that the judges punished the wicked men, and made them pay a fine.

Demosthenes had done so well in this, his first attempt, that he thought he was already an orator and could speak before the people; and he tried it, but failed. Then he knew he had much to do before he could be an orator. Indeed, he did have much to do: for he had a very weak voice, he could not pronounce words plainly, he could not speak the letter R at all, and he stammered. Was not that enough to discourage most boys? But Demosthenes was not discouraged; he went to work to correct his faults.

Many stories are told of the things he did. It is said that he put pebbles in his mouth, and talked with them there until he could speak plainly; that he went to the seaside when the waves were rolling in with a loud roaring, and spoke until he could be heard above their noise; that he used to speak aloud while running up-hill, to strengthen his lungs. So hard did he work, and so well did he succeed, that in time he became the greatest orator of Greece, and, as many think, the greatest that ever lived.

At this time the Greeks had a very powerful enemy, who was extremely cunning as well. This enemy was Philip The Great, — a powerful king who



DEMOSTHENES.

SCULPTOR UNKNOWN.

lived in Macedonia, a country north of Greece. He tried both by fighting and trickery to conquer Greece ; but Demosthenes, by his wonderful eloquence, for many years stirred up the Athenians so that they were able to resist Philip and their other enemies.

LII. THE LEGEND OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

FOR many a year Saint Christopher
Served God in many a land ;
And master painters drew his face,
With loving heart and hand,
On altar fronts and churches' walls ;
And peasants used to say, —
To look on good Saint Christopher
Brought luck for all the day.

For many a year, in lowly hut,
The giant dwelt content
Upon the bank, and back and forth
Across the stream he went ;
And on his giant shoulders bore
All travelers who came,
By night, by day, or rich or poor,
All in King Jesus' name.

But much he doubted if the King
His work would note or know,
And often with a weary heart
He waded to and fro.
One night, as wrapped in sleep he lay,
He sudden heard a call,—
“O Christopher, come, carry me!”
He sprang, looked out, but all

Was dark and silent on the shore.
“It must be that I dreamed,”—
He said, and laid him down again;
But instantly there seemed
Again the feeble, distant cry,—
“Oh, come and carry me!”
Again he sprang and looked; again
No living thing could see.

The third time came the plaintive voice,
Like infant's, soft and weak;
With lantern strode the giant forth,
More carefully to seek.
Down on the bank a little child
He found,—a piteous sight,—
Who, weeping, earnestly implored
To cross that very night.

With gruff good will he picked him up,
And on his neck to ride

He tossed him, as men play with babes,
And plunged into the tide.
But as the water closed around
His knees, the infant's weight
Grew heavier and heavier,
Until it was so great

The giant scarce could stand upright,
His staff shook in his hand,
His mighty knees bent under him,
He barely reached the land.
And, staggering, set the infant down,
And turned to scan his face;
When, lo! he saw a halo bright
Which lit up all the place.

Then Christopher fell down, afraid
At marvel of the thing,
And dreamed not that it was the face
Of Jesus Christ, his King.
Until the infant spoke, and said:
"O Christopher, behold!
I am the Lord whom thou hast served.
Rise up, be glad and bold!

"For I have seen, and noted well,
Thy works of charity;
And that thou art my servant good
A token thou shalt see.

Plant firmly here upon this bank
Thy stalwart staff of pine,
And it shall blossom and bear fruit,
This very hour, in sign."

Then, vanishing, the infant smiled.
The giant, left alone,
Saw on the bank, with luscious dates,
His stout pine staff bent down.

I think the lesson is as good
To-day as it was then —
As good to us called Christians
As to the heathen men, —
The lesson of Saint Christopher,
Who spent his strength for others,
And saved his soul by working hard
To help and save his brothers!



LEXICON.

Ac'ci-dent, chance; something not intended.
 Ac-com'plished, done; performed.
 Ac'cu-ra-cy, exactness; precision.
 Ae'rie (ē'ry), the high nest of a bird; an eyrie.
 Ag-i-ta'tion, excitement of feeling.
 Al-lied', joined to.
 Al'lies, friends; associates.
 Al-lur'ing, attraction.
 A-mazed', filled with wonder.
 Am'ber, yellow.
 Am'bush, a place of concealment.
 Ampt'man, chief officer of a province.
 An'ces-tors, forefathers.
 Ap-pren'ti-ces, persons bound by law to do service.
 Ar'chi-tec-tur-al, pertaining to mode of building.
 Ar'ti-sans, workmen.
 As-sured', promised; made sure.
 As-ton'ish-ment, wonder; surprise.
 A-sun'der, apart.
 At-trac'tive, pleasant to look at.
 Av'a-lanche, a large body of sliding snow.
 Av'a-rice, greed.
 A-void', escape; get rid of.

Baf'fle, outwit; escape.
 Bairn, child.
 Bas'il, a species of mountain mint.
 Bea'dle (bee'del), an English parish officer.
 Beck, brook.
 Bed'rid-den, kept to one's bed by sickness or age.
 Be-guiled' (giled), led astray.
 Ben'e-fit, profit.
 Be-wil'dered, greatly perplexed.
 Be-wil'der-ing, blinding; confusing.
 Bick'er-ing, wrangling; disputing.
 Bides, stays; lives.
 Blithe, joyous.
 Bo'gies, bad spirits; hobgoblins.

Cad'dis, a kind of fly that is hatched in the water.

Cal'lous, hard; without feeling.
 Can'o-py, an ornamental covering.
 Can'ty, talkative; sprightly.
 Ca'per-er, a kind of insect.
 Case'ment, window.
 Cen'tu-ries, hundreds of years.
 Chaff'ing, making fun of.
 Chanced, happened.
 Chat'ter-ing, talking rapidly and noisily.
 Chintz, cotton cloth.
 Chiv'al-rous, knightly; polite.
 Clam'ber, to climb or cross with difficulty.
 Clam'or-ing, calling noisily.
 Clar'i-on, a kind of horn.
 Cleave, cut apart.
 Clem'a-tis, a climbing plant.
 Clemmed, starved.
 Clev'er, bright.
 Col'lier-ies (col'yer-iz), coal mines.
 Com-pas-sion, pity.
 Com'plai-sant' (com'plā-zant'), courteous; obliging.
 Com'plex, difficult to make; complicated.
 Com'pli-ments, flattering speeches.
 Con'jur-er, one who practices magic arts.
 Con'scious (shus), aware; knowing.
 Con'se-cra-ted, sacred; blessed.
 Con'se-quent-ly, therefore.
 Con-serv'a-to-ry, greenhouse.
 Con-so-la'tion, comfort.
 Con-trived', managed.
 Con-vinced', persuaded, made to believe.
 Copse, a thick wood of small growth.
 Coun'cil, company of advisers.
 Coun'sel-or, adviser.
 Cours'ers, horses, — here reindeer.
 Cour'te-ous, polite.
 Cov'er, thicket.
 Cowed, frightened.
 Cowl, a kind of hood.
 Crooned, sang in a low tone.

Dank, damp.
 De-coy', entrap.
 De-form'i-ty, unnatural shape or form.
 De-li'cious (shus), good to eat.
 De-lir'i-um, wild fancies.
 De-ter'mined, made up his mind.
 Dim'i-ty, a kind of cloth.
 Din'gle, a small dell.
 Dis-ci-pline, training.
 Dis-cour'te-ous, impolite.
 Di-vert'ed, turned aside.
 Dole'ful-ly, sadly.
 Dor'set-shire, a county in the south of England.
 Drought (drowt), thirst.
 Duffie, a kind of coarse woolen cloth.

Ec'sta-sy, delight.
 Ed'dy-ing, whirling.
 Eft, a small lizard.
 El'e-ment, the place naturally suited for any creature's existence.
 Em'er-ald, green.
 En-no'bled, raised to a high rank.
 En-treat'ed, prayed to.
 Es-chew'ing, avoiding.
 E'ton, a noted school for boys.
 Ev-er-more', all the time.
 Ex-cel'sior, still higher.
 Ex-pen'sive, dear; costly.
 Ex-ul-ta'tion, great joy.

Fac'ul-ties, powers; gifts of mind.
 Fal'chion, a broad-bladed sword.
 Fa'vor-ite, best liked.
 Feat, deed.
 Fell, stony hill.
 Fem'i-nine, pertaining to a woman.
 Fen'der, a frame for keeping the fire from falling on the floor.
 Fes'tal, pertaining to a feast.
 Fet'ter, bind.
 Fi-del'i-ty, faithfulness.
 Fi'nal-ly, at last.
 Flail, an instrument for beating out grain.
 Flecks, spots.
 Fo'li-age, leaves.
 For-bear', refrain; keep from doing.
 Foun'dered, made sick and lame, as a horse.
 Fur'rowed, marked in furrows, or trenches, by the plow.

Ga'bles (beez), silly people.
 Gam'bol, sport.
 Gar'ners, storehouses, or granaries.
 Gen'er-os'i-ty, liberality in giving.
 Gën'ial, pleasant.

Ge'nie (jé'ne), a spirit which exercises a supernatural influence over man.
 Gla'cier, a river of ice.
 Glade, an open space in a forest.
 Glit'ter-ing, shining.
 Glut-ton-ous, greedy.
 Good'y, old woman.
 Grat'i-tude, thankfulness.
 Green'sward, grassy lawn or field.
 Grig, a cricket.

Hab'i-tude, habits.
 Hack, horse.
 Hap, put, to take care of.
 Har'le-quin, clown; merry-maker.
 Heath'er (heth'er), a plant common in Great Britain.
 Helf'er (hef'er), a young cow.
 Herb'age, pasture; grass.
 Hes-pér'i-des, a fabled garden in Africa which produced golden apples.
 Hith'er-to, up to this time.
 Hoar'y, gray with age.
 Ho-ri'zon, extent of vision (literally, the edge of the sky).

Im-ag'ine, think of.
 Im-pen'e-tra-ble, that cannot be entered.
 In'cense, fragrant smoke from a sacred fire.
 In-cred'i-bly, beyond belief.
 In-dig'nant, angry with cause.
 In'fi-nite, endless.
 In-sig-nif'i-cant, small; worthless.
 In-spec'tion (shun), examination; looking over.
 In'stant-ly, at once.
 In-vis'i-ble, that cannot be seen.

Jag'ged, rough; notched.
 Jaun'ty, showy.
 Jeer'ing, mocking; taunting.
 Joc'und, jolly; gay.

Kins'man, relative.
 Knell, the stroke of a bell on some sad occasion.
 Knolls, small hills.

Lar'um, an alarm; a noise to warn.
 Law'yers, briers, brambles.
 League (leeg), agreement to act together.
 Light'some, bright.
 Lime'kiln, a sort of oven where lime-stone is burned.
 List'less, not active; uninterested.
 Lith'est, most active; limberest.
 Lu'mi-nous, shining.

Lure, attraction.

Lust'y, large; strong.

Mag'ic-al, having a secret, or charmed, meaning.

Ma-gi'cian (shun), one who works wonders.

Main, the ocean.

Man'i-to, a spirit held in religious awe by the Indians.

Mar'gin, edge.

Mart, a busy commercial place.

Mart'in-mas, the feast of St. Martin.

Mat'ins, morning prayers.

Maze, a tangled mass.

Min'i-a-ture, very small.

Mold, soil; earth.

Mo-lests', harms; troubles.

Mon'arch, ruler; king.

Moor, a tract of poor land covered with heather.

Mosques (mosks), temples.

Murk'y, gloomy.

Mys'ing, thinking.

Mys-te'ri-ous, unknown; full of mystery.

Mys'tic, having hidden meaning.

Niche (nitch), a little hollow in a wall.

Nymph (nimf), a goddess of the woods and waters.

Ob'sta-cle, something in the way.

Ob'sti-nate, unwilling to give up.

Op-pressed', overcome; worn out.

Or'ches-tra (or'kes-), a band of musicians.

Or'gans, parts or members of the body.

Ou'zel (oozl), a bird of the thrush family.

Pal'lid, pale.

Par'a-chute, a contrivance like an umbrella, for descending from a balloon.

Pas'sion, strong feeling.

Pa'thos, sadness; tender feeling.

Peas'ant, a countryman or rustic.

Pet'ri-fied, turned into stone.

Phil'o-mel, the nightingale.

Pied, spotted.

Piert (peert), a Scotch word meaning "active."

Plaint'ive, pitiful; mournful.

Plau'dits, applause.

Pli'ant, easily bent; yielding.

Plied, struck.

Poached, stole game from a preserve.

Poised, held steadily; balanced.

Pom-er-a-ni-a, a province of Prussia.

Pon'der-ing, thinking.

Pon'der-ous, very heavy.

Por'tals, gates.

Por'ter, gatekeeper.

Pot'tage, food cooked in a pot.

Poults (polts), chicks.

Pre-ferred', liked better.

Pres'ent-ly, soon.

Pre-serve' (zerv), keep.

Pre-sum'ing, taking the liberty.

Pro-ces'sion (shun), company marching in order.

Pro-mot'ed, advanced in station.

Pros'per, do well; be happy.

Quailed, shrank away.

Quaint, queer.

Qual'i-ty, rich or noble people.

Quell'ing, becoming still.

Quest, search.

Quoits, a game played with flat iron rings.

Ra'di-ant, shining; beautiful.

Rai'ment (rā ment), clothes.

Ran'dom, chance.

Range, wander.

Re-ap-peared', came in sight again.

Re-flect'ed, thrown back again, as from a mirror.

Re-gale', refresh; feast.

Re-it'er-a-ted, repeated.

Re-pub'li-can, of common rank.

Re-quired', demanded; insisted upon.

Res'o-lute, bold.

Re-solved', determined.

Re-spon-si-bil'i-ty, trust; duty.

Re-stored', brought back to consciousness; made well again.

Re-vered', greatly respected.

Rho-do-den'dron, a rose tree.

Rift'ed, parted.

Ro'se-ate, rose-colored.

Rout, noise; tumult.

Sav'age, a wild, ignorant person.

Sax'i-frage, a plant that grows in the crevices of rocks.

Scep'ter, a staff borne by a ruler as an emblem of power.

Se-date', serious.

Sedg'es, marshes covered with water plants.

Shammed, pretended.

Shin'gle (shing'gl), pebbles worn by water.

Sim'mer-ing, heated.

Slot, track.

So'journ-ers, dwellers.

Sol'i-ta-ry, single.

Sor'cer-er, a magician.
Spec'tral, ghostly.
Squires and pages, attendants on great persons.
Stif'ling, choking; foul.
Stoat, an ermine.
Strew, scatter.
Stud'ded, thickly set, as with jewels.
Sub-mis'sion, giving away; yielding.
Sus-pli'cion, fear of evil.
Swad'dled, wrapped up.
Swain, a young man, — here used of a young animal.
Sward, grassy surface.
Sylph, a slender, fairy-like woman.

Taint'less, pure.
Tal'ons, claws.
Tan'ta-li-zes, torments.
Tar'nished, soiled.
Teem'ing, fruitful.
Ten'ant, one who lives in.
Ter'ra-ces, banks or slopes raised one above the other.
Ter'ri-fied, frightened.
Tes'ti-fied, bore witness.
Throng, crowd.
Thyme (time), a fragrant plant.
Tilth, tilled ground.

Tol'er-a-bly, quite.
Trans-par'ent, clear; that can be seen through.
Trans'ports, delights.
Trem'u-lous, trembling.
Tri-um'phant, rejoicing in victory.

Un-err'ing, true; without fault.
Un-meet', unfit.
Up-rear'ing, a lifting up.

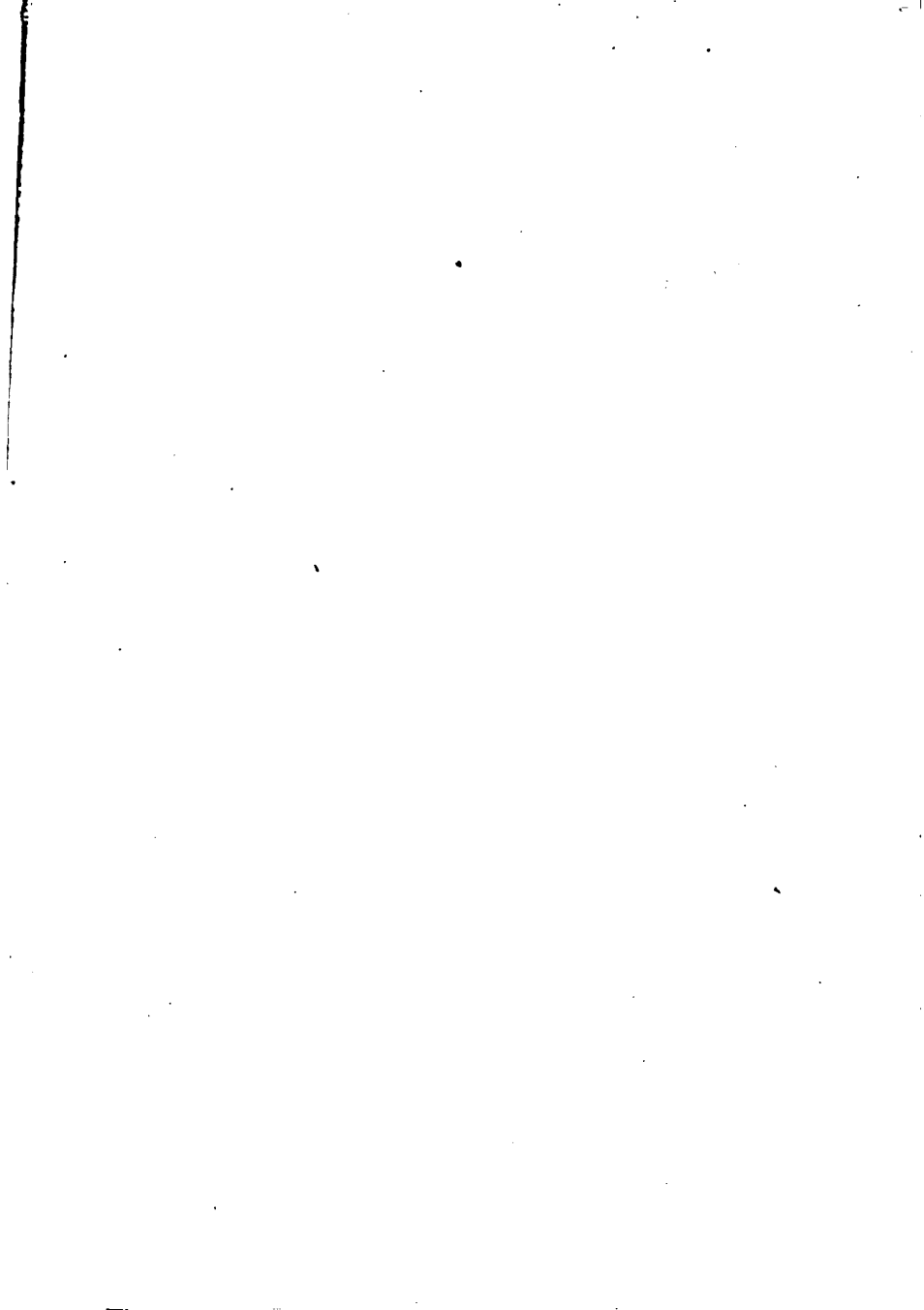
Vel-vet-een', a kind of velvety cloth.
Ver'dur-ous, green; leafy.
Ves'pers, evening prayers.
Vis'or, front piece of a cap or helmet.
Viz'ler (yer), a high court officer in the Orient.

Wain, wagon.
Wand, a small rod.
Wan'ton, free; sportive.
Wear (wēr), dam.
Weird (weerd), strange.
Whins, thorny shrubs.
Wig'wam, an Indian tent made of bark.
Wist'ful, wishing; longing.

Yearn'ing, longing; lovingly desiring.







YB 36610

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C043610586

M187503

894

C153

res

v. 4

Seluc.
Sept

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY



